THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1873. NO. 24.

Sonnets.

TO ONE WHO ASKED HIM OF A LADY'S GRACE.

I like her brown small hand that some time strays,
To find the place, through the same books with mine.
I like her feet—and O, her eyes are fine;
And when I say farewell, perhaps she stays—
With downward look, awhile, love lingering—
Then quick, as she would have that pain soon over.
I like the nandolin whereon she plays;
I like her voice better than anything.
Yet I like, too, the scarf her neck doth cover;
Also the little ribbon in her hair.
I like to see her stepping down a stair,
And well I like the door that she comes through.
And then you know I am that lady's lover,
And every new day there is something new.

OF HIS LOVE FOR A LADY.

I know not if I love her overmuch—
But this I know, that when unto her face
She lifts her hand, which rests there still a space,
Then slowly falls—'tis I who feel that touch.
And when she sudden shakes her head with such
A look, I soon her secret meaning trace;
So when she runs I think 'tis I who race.
Like a poor cripple who has lost his crutch
I am if she is gone; and when she goes,
I know not why—for that is a strange art,
As if myself should from myself depart.
I know not if I love her more than those,
Her lovers. But when she shall fall asleep,
It is not I who will be left to weep.

MRS. PERCY'S PERIL.

Arthur Percy, captain in Her Majesty's dragoons, is my husband, and the adventure I am about to relate befell me about eighteen months after our marriage, when the regiment was quartered in Ireland.

A detachment was stationed in one of the most unquiet parts of that country, which I refrain, from obvious reasons, from naming. Arthur was ordered to take command of it, and so I, of course, accompanied him with our baby, an infant of about five months. We thought ourselves very fortunate in having secured a small but extremely pretty cottage at an almost nominal rent, distant about one mile from the barracks.

I cannot better describe the cottage than by telling you that it was called "The Bungalow," and like its namesake, was a long, one-storied building, with a veranda in front of the principal windows. A small entrance hall in which were two doors was the first thing observed on entering; one led to the drawing-room, dining-room, and three bedrooms, while the other led directly to the kitchen, servants' room, and into a passage leading to the outer offices.

Our establishment consisted of two women servants and one man; the latter, being a soldier, returned every night to the barracks, which happened to be the nearest habitation to us, not even the humblest dwelling breaking the loneliness of the way between them and the Bungalow.

I have already said that the distance from them was about a mile, and the road, which was partly grass-grown, lay through a narrow sort of lane, enclosed on each side by very high hedges.

These hedges were a continual horror to me. Scarcely ever did I see Arthur start in the morning without visions arising of desperadoes concealed behind them, dressed in the inevitable long-tailed, ragged coat, the high-crowned, narrow-rimmed hat, and the murderous weapon, all of which things I invariably associated with an Irish ruffian.

The dragoons had been sent to quell some risings, and to support the authorities, consequently they were not regarded by the natives in any very friendly light.

As the weeks went on and every afternoon brought Arthur safely back to me, my fears were somewhat allayed, and occasionally I walked through the lane towards the town to meet him—always, however, feeling glad when I got safely past any chance passer-by whom I might encounter.

Arthur used to laugh at my fears, and as I knew I was a desperate coward, I tried to think they were groundless, and merely the result of my own natural timidity.

The year was drawing to a close, and on the 10th of January we were to bid adieu to the Bungalow, Ireland, and the Irish. The regiment was under orders for England in the spring, and till then Arthur was to go on leave.

I was in raptures at the prospect of being settled in my own part of the world again, and, best of all, leaving Ireland, against which I entertained so profound a prejudice. It was Christmas Eve; Arthur was obliged, most unwillingly, to spend it at the barracks, as the few officers there wished to have a farewell dinner, and, in addition, there was to be an entertainment for the soldiers at an early hour.

It had been snowing heavily all day, and when Arthur left, about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, darkness was beginning to come on.

I begged him not to return if the snow continued, as I knew it might be very late ere the party broke up, and I could not bear the idea of his coming home through that dark, narrow road, in the middle of a snowy December night. If he did come he was to tap at my window, which would enable me to let him in without disturbing the servants, who slept at the other side of the house.

After I had watched his figure disappear I re-entered the cottage with a disagreeable sense of solitude and weariness, which I tried to dispel by ringing for the nurse to bring my baby, stirring the fire into a cheerful blaze, and otherwise occupying myself. Though almost quite dark, it was now only about four o'clock, and the blinds in the little sitting room were still undrawn. I was sitting on the hearth rug, with baby on my lap, amusing her with my watch and its glittering appendages, which were an unfailing source of pleasure to her; and as she stretched out her little hands to grasp them, I was suddenly attracted to the direction of the window, through which, to my unutterable horror, I distinguished distinctly the face of a man gleaming upon me. In that swift, momentary glance I could see that it was a pale, sinister, malevolent countenance, with small, hungry eyes. My heart beat wildly, but I dissembled my terror well, I suppose, as had I done otherwise baby and I might have fared differently. So rapidly had I comprehended the necessity for appearing not to have observed him, that I hardly stopped speaking to my baby, but a thousand projects for escape from my present position revolved themselves through my whirling brain. How could I escape from that little room, with its dark, unshaded window? Furtively I looked again, and was infinitely relieved to find that the apparation had vanished, for the present, at least, from its late close proximity to the window. I got up at last, still chattering to my unconscious child, and moved slowly towards the door, even pausing for an instant at the table, partly to gather strength to proceed, as my limbs were tottering beneath me, partly because I dreaded lest the lurker without might still be marking my movements. I had scarcely strength left to turn the handle of the door, but once on the other side of it, I rushed across the hall and gained the kitchen, where I found my two domestics seated at their tea.

I briefly told them of the fright I had got, and was not much reassured on finding that both were, if possible, greater cowards than I was myself.

The sound of a whistle at no great distance from the cottage roused me to the necessity of instantly making every place as secure as possible. Accompanied by the two trembling servants, and with baby in my arms, I began my tour of inspection. At last every bolt was drawn, every shutter closed, and nothing more remained to be done. I found, on looking at the clock, that it was little past five, so that a long evening was before me.

Not a sound was to be heard; nothing fresh occurred to alarm us in the least, and at last I grew almost ashamed of the panic I had given way to, merely from having seen a man glance through the window. Very probably he was some strolling vagrant who had been attracted by the bright light of the fire to look in, without doing us any harm.

So I reasoned with myself, and so I tried to reassure the servants. Under any circumstances, I was glad to feel that we were safely shut up for the night, and determined to go soon to my room, where I felt less lonely than in the empty drawing-room.

Had there not been the chance of Arthur returning, I would have proposed that the servants should sleep in a bed there happened to be in his dressing-room; but as they assured me they were not at all afraid, now that nothing more had been heard of the man, and I knew it would be a great nuisance to Arthur, if he did return, I concluded that it was wiser to let them sleep in their own room, though it was at some distance from mine.

I went to my room at about half-past nine, and proceeded to undress; after which I put on my white flannel dressing-gown, placed my candles behind me, and seating myself in front of the fire began to read.

In spite of all my assurances to myself and my servants, I felt strangely nervous and restless. My book was a very interesting one, but it failed to obliterate from my mind the horrible remembrance of the face at the window. Perhaps he was there still—perhaps he was watching for Arthur's return to waylay and murder him. All sorts of wild visions presented themselves to my mind. Once baby moved slightly, and it made me start nearly to my feet with terror.

I was thoroughly upset, and the only thought that consoled me was, that I had begged Arthur not to return; so he was, no doubt, safely at the barracks, little dreaming of my state of mind.

It was snowing heavily still. I knew it by the dropping that came steadily down the chimney. The atmosphere seemed to choke me somehow. And ever and anon I found myself listening intently.

The hall clock struck eleven, every stroke vibrating through me. Still I sat on; my fire growing dim, and myself feeling cramped, cold and almost immovable.

What was I so afraid of? I asked myself a hundred times. I could not tell; it was a vague, shadowy terror that seemed to be chaining me down. I had heard of people's hair turning white in a night from fear. Surely mine would be as snowy as the ground without if I had to spend the whole night thus.

Oh, for the sound of Arthur's voice. Perhaps I should never hear it again—perhaps he would never know what a night I had spent, as either he or I might be murdered before morning. Half-past eleven—only thirty minutes since the clock struck. In eight hours our servant from the barracks would come, even if Arthur had settled not to return till morning. Eight hours of this!

A quarter from twelve. By a mighty effort I forced myself to get up. Glancing at the glass, my own ghostly reflection terrified me. I laid my watch under my pillow, and was in the act of lying down beside baby—not to sleep, as till two o'clock I should hope for Arthur—when a sound, awful, wild, unearthly, broke the stillness of the dark December night. It was a scream from a woman's voice in dire distress; another followed, and it came from somewhere in the house. Not a moment did I hesitate.

Springing out of bed and putting on only my slippers—happily having kept on my dressing-gown—I seized my child, pausing only to snatch up her little shawl that lay beside her on the bed. I unbarred my shutter, opened the window, and the next moment was on the veranda. It needed not a third wild shriek to impel me to a speed beyond what I had ever dreamed of as possible.

In a second or two I was beyond the gate, flying for life, for my own and another existence, dearer far, in my arms, clasped tightly to me—flying through the lanes, past the dreadful hedges, on, stumbling now and then, but recovering myself only to resume my race for life with greater desperation. Death was surely behind us. If the pale, piercing face of the outside watcher overtook me now, what would be my fate?

God was merciful indeed to me, and gave me the power to proceed in my awful extremity.

Heaven's portals could hardly have been more rapturously reached than the barrack gates, as I flew inside of them. I saw a group of men standing in the doorway; and towards them I rushed, recognizing, to my unutterable thankfulness, among them my husband.

His amazement may be better imagined than described, as he beheld us; and as I could not do more than point behind me. I believe poor Arthur must have thought I had gone suddenly raving mad. I only heard their voices murmuring round me, and I felt baby lifted out of my arms, though they told me afterwards I held her so tightly they could scarcely separate us. The next thing I knew was that Arthur had laid me on a sofa in a bright warm room, and that we were safe—Arthur, baby and I—and together

But the servants. I conveyed to Arthur, as coherently as I could, the events of the afternoon, and my conviction that nothing short of murder had been committed. In less than five minutes he was off, with some of the others, to the cottage, where the awful scene presented itself to their view as they entered.

In the passage from the kitchen to the entrance hall lay the dead body of our unfortunate cook. A blow from some heavy weapon had actually smashed in the back of the head, and life was quite extinct; our other servant was found in an insensible state; but, after some time, recovered sufficiently to be able to give the particulars of the attack, and a description of their assailant, who proved to be no other than the monster who had glared in upon me that very afternoon. It seemed that, after I had seen everything was secure, the servants had gone out to the coal-house, and during their temporary absence from the kitchen door the ruffian had slipped in, secreted himself in a cupboard in the passage, and thus been actually locked into the house with ourselves!

Imagining, it was supposed, that Arthur would not return, and knowing that we had a good deal of plate in the house, he had arranged to begin operations after all was quiet, and the first scream that I had heard had been elicited from the unfortunate servants, at whose bedside he suddenly made his appearance.

The miscreant had struck down the cook, while she attempted to escape, which, happily for herself, the other servant was too paralyzed to do. The scream I had heard as I left the house must have been the last dying one of the poor cook, whom the murderer had pursued and overtaken before she could gain my door, which was, no doubt, the point to which she was flying for succor. Not a moment too soon had I gone. An accomplice had been admitted by the front door, which was found wide open, my bedroom door shattered, but nothing touched, my flight having, doubtless, scared them. The tracks of their pursuing footsteps were discerned easily when the blessed morning light of Christmas Day shone. They had evidently gone in pursuit of me, but probably my safety was due greatly to the whiteness of my garments, which must have rendered my flying figure almost invisible against the snowy ground. The police were soon in quest, and ere many hours elapsed the retreat of the assassins was discovered.

A desperate struggle ensued, and recognizing in one man an escaped and notorious convict, and in the conflict, feeling his own life was in danger, the constable fired on him, and the miserable corpse was conveyed to the police station, where our servant identified it as the murderer of the cook and the assailant of herself. The wretched man had, with his companion and accomplice, escaped only two days before from prison, to which the latter was safely escorted back by a couple of policemen. The funeral of our poor servant took place a few days afterwards, and the Bungalow was finally deserted by us. The other servant recovered completely, and the policeman, who had been wounded by the convict rather severely, was reported convalescent before our departure.

I never saw the Bungalow again; and very joyfully did I enter the steamer which conveyed us to dear old England. —*London Society.*

Nobody's Child.

A little more than a century and a half ago a benevolent English sea-captain, Thomas Coram, who had retired from active service upon a moderate fortune, was greatly distressed in his daily walks about London at the sight of infants left exposed in the public streets. Having come to the conclusion that the desertion and destruction of children was attributable to the want of proper means for preventing the disgrace and succoring the necessities of their parents, he set heartily to work to provide a refuge to which wretched mothers might carry their offspring, and themselves be enabled to return to a virtuous and honest life. In this benevolent and praiseworthy undertaking the honest captain met with unexpected and disheartening opposition. Society, in its terrible determination to discountenance immorality, shrank from doing anything to alleviate the misery of the outcast mother of an illegitimate child; nor was the law more merciful. It was considered so necessary to uphold the sanctity of marriage that society and the law alike refused to do anything to save the innocent offspring of sin from falling a prey to the misery, wretchedness, and immorality of their parents. Nearly twenty years elapsed before the good old sea-captain had obtained subscriptions sufficient for founding a hospital, when a wing of the building now known as the "Foundling Hospital" was erected in London.

It was announced that at eight o'clock on a certain evening twenty children, all for whom there were then accommodations, would be received; that the persons bringing them should come in at the outer door and ring a bell at the inner door, and not go away until notice was given of reception; that no questions whatever should be asked of any person bringing a child; and that to each child should be affixed some distinguishing mark or token, that it might be afterward known if necessary. These tokens, many of which are still preserved, mostly consisted of small silver coins, crosses, lockets, empty purses, doggerel verses pinned to the infant's clothes, and mottoes supposed to be appropriate to the forlorn condition of the poor little waif.

The number of applicants increased so rapidly after the opening of the institution that painful scenes were soon presented at the doors, where sometimes a hundred women might be seen struggling and fighting for precedence. A plan was then devised for receiving the children by ballot, but this did not remedy the evil, all kinds of fraud being practiced to place the little things in the hospital.

Fifteen years after the opening of the institution notice was given that exposed and abandoned young children from all parts of the country would be admitted, money for their support being guaranteed by Parliament. The first day on which this was announced a basket was hung outside the hospital gates, and 117 children were deposited as claimants of government support.

It was soon found that parents with large families resorted to this easy means of reducing their anxieties and expenses. The conveyance of helpless children from remote country districts, and their consignment, dead or alive, to the hospital, became a distinct branch of the carrier's trade, work-houses were emptied of pauper infants, newly born children were taken from mothers, who required parish relief, and within four months 15,000 infants were deposited in the hospital basket. The provisions for dealing with such continual claims were insufficient, and the precautions for preserving life were but partially understood. Of these 15,000 foundlings only 4,400 lived to be apprenticed. The refuge became not a hospital, but a charnel-house.

We have not the space to follow out the subsequent history of the institution founded by the exertions of good Captain Coram, or to trace the large development of his philanthropic idea in England and our own country. Extensive as that development has been, every one who has investigated the matter knows but too well how inadequate are all our provisions to check and mitigate the evils growing out of the abandonment of children. Pathetic scenes are still of daily—we might say almost hourly—occurrence in the great cities of Christian England and America.

Social Chit-Chat.

Polonaises with basque fronts are much worn.

Flowers have succeeded feathers as bonnet trimmings.

Velvet is used as a trimming on all kinds of light materials, this spring.

Suits of gray English waterproof cloth are the correct costume for ocean travel.

Hysteria must be a fashionable disease among ladies, else why the universal vinaigrette.

Normandy caps of white Swiss over blue or pink silk are in great favor for breakfast toilettes.

It is said that hereafter a band of music will be the correct thing at all fashionable weddings.

Ladies' wearing apparel can be rendered uninflamable by a solution of sulphate of potash and alum.

The mania for old laces again rages; cold coffee produces the desirable tint of age quickly and effectively.

We are getting back in fashions further than ever. Ruffs are now worn so large that they have to be stiffened with wire.

Serenades will be quite the thing this spring, on account of the great favor into which part-singing has come of late.

The new thing in fans is the "Trianon." It measures eighteen inches from point to tip. The larger they are the more stylish.

The loose-fronted polonaises which have been introduced, look too much like morning wrappers to be liked for street wear, and are very common.

Prince Talleyrand.

A Chequered Career---A Great Diplomatist---Specimens of his Wit.

It has been truly said that next to Napoleon Bonaparte, by far the most extraordinary man of the French Revolution was Talleyrand. He was born in January, 1754, and died in May, 1838, in his eighty-fifth year. He was the oldest son of a noble family, but meeting with an accident, when he was a boy, which lamed him for life, he was thereby rendered unfit for military service, and was obliged to renounce his birthright in favor of his next brother, and, at once to get rid of him and get him out of the way, was condemned to become a clergyman.

When only twenty-nine years old, Talleyrand was appointed Bishop of Autun, but, being fond of Parisian society, did not often visit his diocese, over one hundred and sixty miles distant. When the Revolution broke out in 1789, he took part with the movement party, because he saw it was the strongest, became an active member of the National Assembly, resigned his bishopric, and at last, some months before Louis XVI was guillotined, retired to England for a year or two, and finally reached the United States; what little money in his possession being obtained from the sale of his library. This was a poor look-out for an ambitious man, fond of luxurious living and gay society, and only forty-two years old. He chiefly resided in Philadelphia. In some eighteen months, after the fall of Robespierre and the close of the Reign of Terror, he returned to Paris—in May 1796.

From that time Talleyrand filled the highest stations, at home or abroad, in the service of his country, except during the reign of the restored Bourbons, who seem to have dreaded the ability of this astute diplomatist. His holding office under so many changes and chiefs has been charged against his political character. It was said that, on taking the oath of allegiance to Louis Phillippe, in 1830, he was heard to mutter: "This is the thirteenth of these oaths that I have sworn." The *fact* was true, but Talleyrand, of all men, was the least likely to *speak* of it.

It was Talleyrand, and none other, who, in 1830, on the accession of the Duke of Orleans to the crown of France, negotiated that treaty of amity (the *entente cordiale*) between France and England which has subsisted, amid various changes, to the present day.

To Talleyrand has been attributed the well-known saying that "Language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts." But before Talleyrand was born, Doctor Edward Young had written this couplet:

"Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind."

And the germ of this thought is to be found in the writings of Bishop Jeremy Taylor; and Lloyd, Smith, Butler and Goldsmith also used it.

Among other sayings of Talleyrand's is: "It is the beginning of the end;" but this occurs in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," where we find:

"To show our simple skill—
That is the true beginning of the end."

Like Byron, who was an avowed picker-up of unconsidered trifles, whenever Talleyrand found a good thought or a happy expression, he did not scruple to adopt and use it, mostly improving it.

Talleyrand's brother wrote a memorandum for Mr. Fournier, to the effect that the only book he used, in the forty years after his return from America, was "L'Improvisateur Francais," a compilation of anecdotes and *bon-mots*, in twenty-one pocket volumes.

Nevertheless, Talleyrand was a genuine wit—keen, ready and inventive. Here are a few specimens of his rapid utterances in this line: Ruthieres, the celebrated author of a work on the Polish Revolution once said:

"I never did but one mischievous thing in my life."

"And when will it end?" was Talleyrand's reply.

"Ah, I feel the torments of hell!" said a person, in great agony, whose life had been somewhat of the loosest.

"Already?" was the suggestive inquiry of the wit.

To *him*, no doubt, it came originally, but the Cardinal de Retz's physician is recorded as having made a similar exclamation on a like occasion.

"Isn't Geneva dull?" asked a friend.

"Especially when they amuse themselves," said Talleyrand, which was imitated not long since by the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, when he wrote that "life would be very tolerable, if it were not for its amusements."

When Madame de Staël published a novel entitled "Delphine," she was reported to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand as that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters.

"They tell me," he said, the next time he met her, "that both of us are in your novel, in the disguise of women."

That remark, however, might have been elaborated beforehand. Another time:

"She is insupportable!" he said, with marked emphasis; but as if he had gone too far, and to take off something of what he had said on, he added; "It is her only defect."

Asked whether a certain authoress, whom he had known long since, but who belonged to the last age, was not a "little tiresome?" he answered:

"Not at all; she was *perfectly* tiresome."

A gentleman in company was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy of his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled-for length—he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents.

"It was your father, then, apparently, who may not have been very well-looking," was the remark, which at once released the circle from the subject.

When the Duchess de Berri (mother of the present Count de Chambord, now the last of the Bourbon family), was performing some very foolish freaks some fifty years ago, Talleyrand advised Louis Philippe that she should be visited with this rescript to herself and faction:

"Madam, no hope remains for you. You will be tried, condemned and pardoned!"

When Charles X, then the Count d'Artois, returned to France in 1814, on seeing, like Charles II of England at a similar reception, that all the enemies of his family had disappeared, he said, loud enough to have the *bon-mot* heard and repeated with praise:

"There's only one Frenchman the more!"

This, the only clever sentence ever spoken by the prince, was put his into mouth by Talleyrand, who madeit.

Between Talleyrand and Fouche (head of Napoleon's police) there was no love lost. Fouche used to say that Talleyrand was nothing until he had drank a bottle of Madeira—which could scarcely be true, as his breakfast was one rusk and one cup of black, strong coffee; his only meal, in the whole day being his dinner, which occupied two hours and consisted of several courses; but this was not taken until six or seven o'clock, when the day's official work was over.

On Napoleon's return from Elba, he reinstated Fouche as Minister of Police, and, no doubt, was betrayed by him—duplicates of all his plans for the campaign of June, 1815, in Belgium, having been sent on to the Duke of Wellington. Before the arrangements for that last blow were all completed, Napoleon asked Fouche whether it would not be easy to obtain the adhesion of Talleyrand, then French Ambassador at Vienna, by sending him a handsome gold-and-diamond snuff-box—which, by the way, he would receive from other parties at the conclusion of the treaty.

"He will open it," said Fouche, who knew something of Talleyrand's rapacity. "Put in it an order for two millions of francs (four hundred thousand dollars), one-half payable on his return to France."

Napoleon said, "No; that would be too expensive."

So the present was not made. Had it been offered and accepted, perhaps Napoleon I. might have died Emperor in Paris, instead of exile in St. Helena.

Mozart's Requiem.

One day, as Mozart was seated in his study, in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, who asked to speak with him. He was an aged man, very well dressed, and of noble and imposing manner. He said to the composer:

"I am commissioned by a great man to come and find you."

"The name of this man, if you please?" said Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known."

"Very well; what are his wishes?"

"He has lost a very dear friend, whose memory will be for ever precious to him. He wishes to commemorate her death, every year, by a solemn service, and he wants you to compose a requiem for the occasion."

Mozart was deeply impressed by these words spoken so solemnly, and by the air of mystery that seemed to pervade the interview. He promised to compose the requiem. The stranger continued:

"Put to this work your entire genius, for you compose it for a connoisseur in music."

"So much the better," said Mozart.

"How much time do you want for the task?"

"Four weeks."

"Well, I will come for it in four weeks. What will be your price?"

"One hundred ducats."

The stranger counted out the money upon the table and disappeared. Mozart remained plunged in deep thought for a few moments, then called for pen, ink, and paper and began to write the requiem. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his wife, he wrought upon it night and day. But his body, already feeble, could not endure this continual strain, and he finally fell fainting at his task. Then he was obliged to rest. Several days after, his wife sought to divert his mind from its sadness by some playful remark. He replied earnestly:

"One thing is certain; I am composing my own requiem; it will serve to perpetuate my own memory."

In proportion as he wrought, his strength diminished, from day to day, and the requiem advanced very slowly. The four weeks were finally gone, and the stranger returned.

"It has been impossible for me to keep my word," said Mozart, sadly.

"Never mind," said the man, "how much more time do you require?"

"I want four weeks more. The work has inspired me with deeper interest than I supposed, and I have given to it more study than I intended."

"In that case it is right that I increase the price. Here are fifty ducats more for your pay."

In astonishment Mozart asked, "Who are you?"

"That is nothing to the purpose. I will return in four weeks."

As the stranger left the house, Mozart called a servant and requested him to follow this extraordinary man and find out who he was; but the blundering man soon returned, saying that he could find no trace of him. Poor Mozart had conceived the idea that this stranger was no ordinary mortal, but was one of his friends in the immortal world, sent to warn him of his approaching death. He applied himself with redoubled ardor to his requiem, which he regarded as the most enduring monument to his genius. He fainted many times at his toil. Finally, it was accomplished before the expiration of the four weeks.

The stranger came for it at the given time, but Mozart was dead.

A Singular Disease.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis is a disease which seems quite incomprehensible to the non-medical classes in the community; and, indeed, even among the best-informed and most skillful physicians there is a great diversity of opinion respecting the causes and the proper method of treating this disease. It has assumed an epidemic form several times in different parts of our country, seemingly independent of any agency referable to peculiarities of climate, season, or locality. The first epidemic visitation was in 1806, when it gradually spread through the New England and Middle States and Canada. It again became epidemic in 1840, was widely prevalent during the civil war, and has never since altogether disappeared from the country. According to Dr. Moore, a physician of St. Louis, where the disease has prevailed recently, the first symptoms of cerebro-spinal meningitis are exceedingly varied in different individuals. The attack is usually very sudden, seizing the patient when apparently in ordinary health. Pain in the head, constant or intermittent, pain in the back of the neck and along the spine, with soreness in limbs and joints, are common symptoms. Sometimes the attack is preceded by giddiness or by ague, or by cold extremities, flushed face, and quick pulse; in other cases by lassitude and prostration, by a deep stupor, or even by severe nausea and vomiting. These initiatory symptoms are followed by a state of violent agitation, which is replaced by stupor. The body of the patient becomes excessively sensitive, the slightest touch being painful. The most striking symptoms of cerebro-spinal meningitis are those presented by the muscular system. The muscles of the neck become rigidly contracted, drawing the head back and firmly fixing it in that position. Rigidity is very comman in the muscles of the extremities; sometimes the muscles of the whole spine are so violently contracted as to force the spine backward.

Hints to Whist Players.

Reviewing a small work on whist, the following rhyming rules strikes the *Pall Mall Gazette* as being particularly good:

"Mind well the rules for trumps—you'll often need them;
When you hold five, 'tis right to lead them.
Watch also for your partner's trump request.
To which, with less than four, lead out your best,
When you discard, weak suits you ought to choose—
For strong ones are to valuable too lose."

A thief recently snatched $20,000 from a collector of the Cienfuegos Railroad in the streets of Puerto Principe, Cuba, and got away with it.

A Brother's Devotion.

The Attempt to Secure the Escape of Flynn, the Murderer.

There was a tragic episode in the case of the California murderer Flynn, alias Mortimer, which brought to light the family affairs of the unfortunate Mortimer. It cost the life of his brother and gave touching proof of powerful fraternal affection. There arrived from the Eastern States, by Pacific railroad, at Sacramento, on the 8th of April, three weeks after the conviction of Mortimer, a young man who registered at the City Hotel, as "J. H. Williams, Jersey City." He was under medium size, not very stout built, with brown hair and mutton-chop whiskers. His general appearance was that of a highly respectable man, and his likeness to Mortimer was plain to be seen. He had plenty of money and was frequently to be observed in the saloons, and becoming talkative, often spoke of Mortimer. The stranger said the condemned man was innocent, and on one occasion he pulled out a bundle of papers, remarking that they contained everything, and that in a few days the prisoner would be at liberty. He admitted in confidence he was Mortimer's brother.

He was permitted to visit the jail on several occasions, but was not allowed to have any conversation with the prisoner. He was noticed to gaze fixedly at Mortimer in his cell, but not a word passed between them. Between two and three o'clock on the morning of April 16 a loud ringing of the bell at the jail door awoke the keeper, and, with cocked pistol in hand, he went cautiously to the door. It was moonlight, and there was nobody visible in the yard. He advanced toward the gate and suddenly saw a man, wearing a coat inside out, and with a handkerchief bound around his head. The keeper instantly fell on his knee and fired. The ball took effect in the breast of the intruder. He fired again, and this time the shot entered his mouth. The man, after being thus twice wounded, ran into the jail, and after going round the tier of cells, stopped in front of Mortimer's, reached his hand through the iron grating to its inmate, who clasped it, and his brother fell a corpse.

The guest of the City Hotel had procured a ladder, with which he scaled the walls of the prison, and by means of a line had descended to the yard. His object was to effect the release of Mortimer, and he made the reckless attempt without any confederates. On his person were found two pistols, one of which he had purchased a few days before; a dirk, a diagram of the interior of the jail and a badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. On his arm were the words, "William J. Flynn, Lynn, Mass." There can be little doubt that Mortimer recognized his brother, and was aware of his intention to seek his release. The prisoner had on his boots when the firing took place, and expressed indignation at the shooting of his brother, and asking why the officers, knowing him to be prowling around the jail, and that his suspicious character was a subject of town talk in Sacramento, had not arrested him.

Mortimer made another visit to the Coroner's office. On reaching the rough coffin he instantly recognized the remains, and, after looking long and earnestly upon the cold, stark, contracted features of the deceased, placed his hand affectionately upon the corpse, and exclaimed, "Yes, that is my younger brother, and he was twenty-nine years old last Christmas. I had not seen him for sixteen years until he visited me in the jail a few days since." The body was further identified by Mortimer by the mark of a wound on the forehead, inflicted by a stone he threw one day years ago, and by the dislocation of a finger, which happened when he was a boy. The Cononer's jury acquitted the keeper of all blame for the killing of William J. Flynn. On Mortimer's arm appear the letters, marked with India ink, two N's and an F, leaving no doubt of the family name being Flynn. Further developments have shown that he had four brothers, and that their original residence was Lynn, Mass., where they were all born.

Lassoing Women.

A youth named Verzeni was lately sentenced by the Court of Assizes at Bergamo, Italy, to hard labor for life, for having strangled two women and attempted to strangle several more. He always strenuously denied having had any hand in these crimes. Some days ago, however, a man employed to catch dogs straying about the town called on M. Dona, the President of the Court, and told him that a young conntryman had come to him at one time, begging to be taught the knack of throwing the running noose over the dogs' heads. At the end of two or three lessons this young man became so expert in the art that he never missed his aim. As the dog-catcher declared that he should recognize his former pupil if he had an opportunity of seeing him, the President ordered the convict to be brought forward, with some of his companions. The man instantly pointed out Verzeni as the young peasant who had learned to noose dogs so cleverly. This corroboration of the evidence against a notorious criminal has produced great excitement in the town, but the culprit declares that the dog-catcher dreamt the whole thing.

A Slight Difference.

Ex-Gov. Donnelly, of Minnesota, in an address before a "Grange" in that State, said:

"A sewing-machine costs for the work and material $12. We pay $70 for it. The same machines are exported to Europe and sold for $32, after paying freight across the Atlantic. I found in the Belfast *News*, of December 4, 1872, the advertisement of the Singer sewing machine for £5 10s. about $32.50 of our money. We pay the difference of nearly $40 under our patent laws, for being the most patient and gullible fools that ever pretended to a capacity for self-government.

McCormick gave evidence in a law suit recently that his reapers cost $50 to manufacture. We pay nearly two hundred dollars for them.

The thrashing machines, for which we pay $700, could, I am informed, be built for $100. And so of all other implements.

A Mother's Care.

Think what an excellent woman was Mary Clarke, the mother of that famous man who commentated on the Bible. This was what she inculcated on her sons: "Do nothing carelessly, and then, with the ability you have, you will do most things well. Be exact in all you do, nor let the least matter pass you unexamined. In your reading, too, investigate your subject, and be not satisfied with skimming on the surface of things, nor make any attempt to grasp the whole without attending to every part in order. Paying attention to particulars as well as to generalities will by degrees give you a habit of mental observation, while at the same time it will deepen your knowledge. Do not forget to bear your needs and your heart in private before God, that He may grant you grace and direct all your future path in life."

Meat in London costs double what it did forty years ago.

LOST AND FOUND.

A proud, stern man was Geoffrey Peyton, and rich withal, in wealth and honors.

He had won distinction at the bar and on the bench, and had filled the executive chair of his state.

How deeply his proud heart had suffered, those familiar only with his cold and haughty bearing would have been surprised to know.

Not very early in life he married one whom he had long loved with an ardent devotion, often characteristic of men like him, and of which weaker natures are incapable.

In his early struggles with poverty, he had kept his love a secret. He would have suffered his heart to break sooner than have had it whispered he was seeking advancement through an alliance with rich old Ronald Mason's daughter.

But when he could hold up his head with the highest in the land, he no longer hesitated to speak the words he had been so many years waiting to utter, and which Alice Mason had been waiting to hear.

A few years of unalloyed felicity followed their marriage. Though proud and stern as ever to the outside world, not the same man was Geoffrey Peyton at home, his wife by his side and his bright-eyed boy prattling on his knee. There he forgot his pride, save that he felt in those he loved, forgot fame and ambition and greatness, and remembered only that he was happy.

Then came a blow which fell none the lighter on the proud man's head because he gave no sign of yielding. Death crossed his threshold and took from him first his wife and then his child.

The last of these bereavements was peculiarly distressing. The child had gone for a walk with his nurse by the river side, and in a moment of inattention on the part of the nurse, had strayed out of sight. Soon after, his hat was found floating on the water. Alarm was given; search was made; the river was dragged; but in vain. The child was no where to be found. The body, in all likelihood, had been borne out by the tide.

Geoffrey Peyton bore his loss in silence. What his grief was no one knew, for no one was permitted to look upon it, and sympathy he would have resented as an impertinence.

* * * * * * *

Years sped, and Geoffrey Peyton had become an old man. At his death, his large fortune would descend by law to a distant relative, a young man whose avarice kept him free from all *costly* vices, and who, most vices *being* costly enjoyed, in consequence, an excellent reputation.

But Mr. Peyton had opinions of his own as to the disposition of his property. Like many men of his caste, he had an aversion to the division of estates; and while not inclined to disinherit his kinsman, of whom he knew nothing but his reputation, which, we have already said, was good, there was one other whose claims he felt it would be unjust to overlook.

He had brought up in his house, and in some sort adopted, Gertrude Gray, the orphan daughter of an old friend to whom he had been beholden in his days of struggle, and who had died leaving his only child destitute.

Mr. Peyton's plan, duly set forth in his will, was to settle his property, in equal portions, on Gertrude and his kinsman, provided they married each other in a given period. If either declined the match, the share of the one declining was to go to the other; and if both declined, the whole of his fortune was given in trust for certain charities.

Three years before the occurrences of which we are now to speak, George Hayne had sought and obtained employment of Mr. Peyton as his secretary. The young man proved faithful and diligent, manifesting, moreover, qualities of intellect which induced his employer to encourage the devotion of his leisure time to a course of legal study.

George made so good use of his opportunities, that by the end of three years he was prepared for admission to the bar. He had learned other things besides the law in the mean time. He had learned, for instance, how pretty Gertrude Gray was, and how devotedly he loved her; though he was too straightforward to tell her so without first asking permission of Mr. Peyton, with whom, at last, he sought an interview for that purpose.

Modestly, but unreservedly, the young man explained the state of his feelings, and was about to express the hope that he migt be allowed to speak to Gertrude herself on the subject, when Mr. Peyton cut him short.

"Is this the return you make for my confidence," he exclaimed—"you whom I have trusted and taken so much interest in?"

"I am unconscious, sir, of having abused your trust, or ill-requited your kindness," replied the youth, with a touch of the other's pride in his manner; "nor can I perceive aught that is reprehensible in the honest attachment I have this day declared for Gertrude Gray."

"Would you do her a real service?"

"I would die for her!" said George earnestly.

"You can do her a greater favor at less cost," returned the other dryly.

"Name it."

"Never see her—never speak to her. I am not one lightly to make or break a promise; and I solemnly promise that, should you repeat your foolish avowal to Gertrude, and should she be weak enough to listen to it, instead of bringing you the fortune with which it has been my purpose to endow her, she shall come to you a beggar like yourself."

"You do me rank injustice," replied George, whose cheek flushed, "by the intimation which has just escaped you. I have never thought of Miss Gray with an eye to any prospects she may have in connection with your fortune. I have loved her for her own sake."

"Then for *her* sake desist from a scheme which, if successful, must reduce her to beggary. If you possess a tithe of the unselfishness you profess, you will heed this warning and go your way. I have other plans for Gertrude."

A moment's reflection convinced George that, harsh as Mr. Peyton's words were, in one respect they were just. It *would* be selfishness to persist in seeking happiness at the cost of her whom he pretended to love.

"I shall leave this place to-morrow," he said, and turned away.

* * * * * * * *

The morning papers announced the loss of a great steamer, bound for San Francisco. Nearly all on board had perished; and among the names of the lost was that of George Hayne. Gertrude Gray swooned when she read it, and Mr. Peyton felt not quite easy in his conscience.

That evening, as he stood moodily in his study, he was interrupted by a visitor, a woman, whose form, once tall, was bent with age, and whose wrinkled face and wild dark eye had something sinister in them.

"Pray be seated and explain the reason of your visit, madam," said Mr. Peyton, pointing to a chair.

Taking the proffered seat, she remained for a time silent, gazing intently on the face before her. Time had graven deep lines upon it, and sorrow deeper still. As she perused them, a smile of satisfaction, more like a shadow than a smile, flitted over her countenance.

"You had a son once," she said.

The lines grew deeper on the face she was studying, and a pained expression come over.

"I, too, had a son," she continued, "an only one, as yours was. In a sudden affray, he had the misfortune, in a moment of passion, to slay his antagonist, who was quite as blamable as himself. The jury decided it murder, but rec

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 12, 1873.

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2,50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

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What Do With Capt. Jack.

What to do with Capt. Jack, the Modoc chief and warrior, seems now to be puzzling the Grant administration. One bother invariably brings with it a train of other botherations. The administration was put to its wit's end how to capture this notorious child of the wilderness, and now that Capt. Jack is captured and under lock and key, the wise men of the administration kitchen are scratching behind their ears to find out what to do with the red-skin chief. Shall the United States hang him, after a court-martial, or shall they pass him over to one of the courts of Oregon or California for trial? It appears that the Shack Nasty Jims, Steamboat Charleys and Captain Jacks around the white-house, do not understand their business, in the premises, and like Captain Jack of the Lava Beds, when he was captured, they sit with their faces in their hands, wondering What's to be done now. The Washington Modocs seem to forget that they have already established precedents which will lift them out of their new troubles about the captured Lava Bed Modocs. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." When the administration Modocs meet the Lava Bed Modocs, then comes——what? why the botheration of wanting to know what's to be done. That's the point.

Soon as the Lava Bed Modocs were captured, they wondered what the Washington Modocs were going to do now, and the first thought that struck the Washington Modocs was what to do with the Lava Bed Modocs. How singular, when Modoc met Modoc, then came the tug of thought, and when the tug of war was o'er.

Now, candidly, the Modocs at Washington need not rack their brain about this, when they themselves established a precedent, which the REPORTER will point out to their confused brain. We have a faint recollection of a little unpleasantness with the South, a few years ago, in which some lives were lost; rebels, traitors and murderers were they of the South, for the little fuss they went into, and the Modocs about Washington swore that Davis and Longstreet, and Moseby, and every mother's son of them should be stretched if ever they were captured. "We'll hang them on a sour apple tree," that was the song. Well, these chaps of the South were all taken, and what did the men at Washington, who had been swearing and singing vengence, do with them? *Ha*, why Longstreet and a score of other rebel chiefs were appointed to offices by the radical administration, Guerilla chief Moseby has become a favorite with Grant at the white-house, and Jeff. Davis they did not even give a mock trial. Now here is a precedent; let Grant appoint Capt. Jack commissioner of Indian affairs, he certainly possesses every qualification and knows all about *Inguns*. Let him appoint Shack Nasty Jim to a collectorship as he did rebel chief Longstreet for he is just as deserving. Let him make of Steamboat Charley a priviliged visitor at the white-house as he does guerilla Moseby, and so on until the entire Modoc tribe is sandwiched between and absorbed by the civilized Modocs at Washington. The whole thing can be justified under the term of "loyal Modocs," which will sound just as sweet as "loyal rebels," such as Longstreet, Moseby, &c. The Lava Bed Modocs will all agree to vote the radical ticket, the modern test of loyalty, and which was the only condition exacted from southern rebels to secure immunity for fighting against the Union.

The recent salary grab law, passed by the radical congress and signed by Grant, makes the following difference in figures, as it drains the public purse; we wish to refresh the memory of Centre county rads:

President.....	$ 25,000	$ 50,000
Vice President.....	8,000	10,000
Speaker.....	5,000	10,000
Chief Justice.....	6,500	10,000
Associate Jus....8..	48,000	80,000
Cab't 7 Members..	56,000	70,000
Assistant Sec'y 7...	21,000	42,000
Con. 241 members	1,205,000	
New Con. 291.....		2,182,500
Senate.....	370,000	675,000
Delegates.....	50,000	108,000
Total amn't sal'r's	$1.784,500	$3,210,00

The next democratic state convention meets at Wilkesbarre, on Wednesday, August 27th.

Hon. Edgar Cowan, of Greensburg, has been elected a member of the Constitutional Convention by the Democratic delegates at large, in place of Franklin B. Gowen, resigned.

John A. Bingham, Credit Mobilier congressman from Ohio, has been appointed by President Grant as minister to Japan.

Capt. Jack, the murderer of Gen. Canby, now plays insane. How like the pale-faces he acts in this matter. Did he learn this from the whites?

—Gen. Davis had made preparations to hang about a dozen of the worst members of the modoc tribe, but orders from Washington put a stop to his designs. Capt. Jack had made an effort to escape—a rivet on one of his shackles was found nearly filed through.

A special from Long Branch, dated 6th inst., gives one an idea what kind of an "establishment" our republican President will keep at that sporting place, viz: "A special train arrived this morning from Washington, containing seven carriages and seven horses, consigned to General Grant's cottage at this place. The President and family are expected this evening."

O, where is our old republican simplicity?

The latest telegraphic reports from Illinois show the election of Craig, the Farmers' candidate over Judge Lawrence, in the Fifth Supreme Court District by a majority of 1,500. The Chicago Times says: "The returns received here leave no doubt that in nearly, and perhaps quite every circuit where the radical anti-monopolists presented a candidate, they have elected him by a handsome majority. The average of results gives to the new movement for emancipation from the slave power the prestige of success, and stamps it with the character of a revolution, fairly and hopefully inaugurated."

The announcement by ex-Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, says the Patriot, that he intends to inaugurate the Senatorial campaign and work for the seat which Caldwell's resignation left vacant, will turn wondering eyes again toward Kansas. Her silence and inactivity have indeed been ominous, and the struggle which was foreshadowed when Mr. Caldwell retired from public life for prudential reasons seems about to begin. Perhaps if Mr. Pomeroy had as fine sensibilities as Senator Bogy, of Missouri who refused to vote in congress until his record was vindicated, he would preface his inauguration of the campaign with a demand for a thorough and impartial investigation of the charges against him by a commission in which partisanship was an absent feature. He would assist in bringing all the circumstances of former elections before his judges and explain the suspicious details more thoroughly than he has yet done. He shows no disposition however, to do this and it is therefore probable that modesty is not one of the virtues in his composition, which he will make prominent in asking for votes. Did the election lie between Pomeroy and Caldwell, it would even then be a question which was the preferable evil. The crime which turned Caldwell out of the Senate prevented Pomeroy from getting in as far as the public can judge, and it is a disgrace to the State that such a man can claim to be available for public trust, without eliciting an indignant cry of repudiation that should give the world to understand what popular sentiment is on that question.

In the new discoveries that are being made in Egypt it will be remarkable if admirers of those ancient people do not arise who will claim that they were superior to the moderns in very nearly all the arts of civilization. Now it appears that the smelting of iron was carried on in Egypt from the very earliest period. *Mr.* Charles Vincent, in an English scientific journal, sets forth some new facts in reference to this subject:

In the sepulchres of Thebes may be found delineations of butchers sharpening their knives on round bars of iron attached to their aprons. The blades of the knives are painted blue, which fact proves that they were of steel, for in the tomb of Rameses III. this color is used to indicate steel, for bronze being represented by red. An English gentleman has recently discovered near the wells of Moses, by the Red Sea, the remains of iron works so vast that they must have employed thous sands of workmen. Near the works are to be found the ruins of a temple and of a barracks for the soldiers protecting or keeping in order the workmen. These works are supposed to be at least three thousand years old.

It is stated that, having obtained many concessions touching the religious belief of its subjects, the Prussian Government is now aiming at the establishing of a common language for Germany. This scheme will be apt to meet with more opposition than any yet evolved from Bismarck's brain on his pet subject of German unity. At present the different States have for the most part their own peculiarities of dialect, and these endeared to them through many generations they will not be willing to drop for a mere idea. Yet it is authoritatively stated that decided measures to bring about the desired end are now to be adopted, and that before ten years are over the Danes of Schleswig the Lithuanians of Western Prussia, the Teheques of Silesia, and the Wendes of Saxony must learn to speak and understand German if they desire to get through any business which brings them into communication with those who in civil or religious life are in any way amenable to the Government. German unity may be a very good thing but it is just possible that the people do not want so much of it and at such cost as the Emperor and his advisers fancy.

Local option is working wonders in some counties. In Tidioute it has raized the price of crackers to ten cents apiece and the dealer has such a large profit on them that he throws a glass of whisky into the bargain. Notwithstanding this exorbitant price some Tidioutians live on nothing but crackers.

Gamblers had better beware, Chief Justice Thompson, of this State, in a recent case respecting gambling rendered the following decision:

Anything which induces men to risk their money and property without any hope of return but to get for nothing any given amount from another, is gambling, and demoralizing to the community, no matter by what name it may be called. It is the same whether the promise be to pay on the color of a card or the fleetness of a horse, and the same numerals indicate how much is lost or won in either case and the losing party has received just as much money in one case as the other parted with, viz:—nothing at all. The lucky winner is of course the gainer, and he will continue so until fickle fortune, in due time, makes him feel the woes he has inflicted on others. All gambling is immoral. I apprehend that the losses incident to the practice disclosed within the past five years have contributed more to the failures and embezzlements by public officers, clerks, agents and others, acting in fiduciary relation, public and private, than any other known, or perhaps all other known, or perhaps all other causes; and the worst of it is a vast amount of misery and suffering by persons entirely guiltless of any participation in the cause of it."

—A square of some of the finest residences in Liverpool, Pa. was destroyed by fire, on the 8th.

The extravagance that is practiced by Grant in running the white-house, is plainly shown, when compared with the cost for the same purpose under Lincoln, during whose term we all smarted under the high war prices, with which the white-house has not to contend now, under the spendthrift Ulysses; The following columns show the difference:

For Lincoln 1864.		*For Grant* 1873	
For Secretary to sign pat'nts	$1,500	For Secretary to sign patents.....	$1,500
For private sec'ry, steward and Messenger.....	4,600	For private secretary assistant sec'retary, steward, messenger, and two executive clerks.....	13,800
For contingent expenses of Executive office.....	2,000	For contingent expenses of executive office...	6,000
For two night watchman...	1,200	For one watchman and two Policemen...	3,540
For two door-keepers.....	1,200	For two door keepers and one usher....	3,000
For one furnace keeper	600	For one furnace keeper	720
For Fuel.....	2,400	For fuel.....	5,000
For repairs of house and for furniture for improving grounds purchase of plants, and all contingencies.....	6,000	For 'annual' repairs of house and for furniture, and for repairs, &c., of "Green House".....	35,000
For repairing summer residence at "Old Soldiers' Home	3,000	Besides various officers of the army, Brigadier Generals, &c.	
Tot'l Lincoln	$22,500	Total Grant	$69,160

The Convention took up on second reading the article on suffrage, election and representation.

SEC. 11. That women of the age of twenty-one and upwards shall be eligible to any office of control or management under the school laws of the Commonwealth gave rise to debate. Mr. Broomall, of Delaware, offered an amendment allowing women to vote for School Directors; also on all questions relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors. Lost.

The section was then agreed to.

SEC. 9. Wards of cities' boroughs or townships shall from or be divided into election districts of compact and contigueus territory' in such a manner as the Court of Quarter Sessions of the city or county in which the same are located, may direct; provided all districts in cities of one hundred thousand inhabitan-s shall be divided by the Court of Quarter Sessions of said cities whenever the preceding election shows a polling of more than two hundred and fifty votes and in other election districts, whenever the Court of the proper county shall be satisfied that the convenience of electors and public interests will be promoted thereby. Agreed to.

SEC. 10. All elections by persons in a representative capacity shall be viva voce. Agreed to.

Hunsicker of Montgomery, offered the following as a substitute for Mr. Buckalew's section, which was agreeb to —ayes 56, nays 34:

"Three county commissioners and three county auditors shall be elected in each county and shall serve for three years. In the election of said office each qualified elector shall vote for only two persons, and the three persons having the highest number of votes shall be elected. Casual vacancies in the office of county commissioners and county auditor shall be filled by the courts of common pleas of the respective counties in which such vacancies shall occur, by the appointment of an elector of the proper county who shall have voted for the commissioner or auditor whose place is to be filled."

Mr. M'Connell of Allegheny, offered the following as new section: "That the terms of office of all county officers shall begin on the first Monday of December next after their election." Agreed to.

The Convention placed wise restrictions upon the pardoning power. Hitherto it has been exercised by the Governor, usually upon the advice of the Attorney-General and during the latter part of Governor Geary's term the pardoning business was a great public disgrace and scandal. Now the power is to be exercised by the Governor "only upon the recommendation, in writing of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Attorney-General Superintendent of Public In-struction, Secretary of Internal Affairs, or any three of them after full hearing ofthe parties upon due public notice and in open session, and such recommendation with the reasons therefore shall be recorded and filed in the Department." This is a great improvement, though it had been better if the officers joining with the Governor had been more independent of his influence.

We read in the Hot Springs (Ark.) Courier a story of vendetta which might have come from Corsica. About one year ago a trouble arose between the tribes of Wimberly and Flynn about a horse race. It began with the whipping of a Flynn by a Wimberly. Then two of the Flynns, father and son shot at Wimberly, who returned the fire and killed both of them. Then Blackwell son-in-law of Flynn senior took out letters of administration on his father in-law's estate, and the Flynns being opposed to his selling the property shot him. The Flynns were then arrested and one of them imprisoned, while the other proved an alibi, but was shot as he was coming out of the Court-house. The imprisoned Flynn broke jail last Christmas, and has been making trips back and forth to the Indian nation. On Saturday he was heard of in the old neighborhood and a warrant was issued for his arrest. The party in search of him encountered him on a Sunday morning. He made fight and was shot through the head. He was the last of the Flynns: nor should we think that anybody in that vicinage would be sorry.

Joseph Huhn, of M'Ewensville, Lycoming county, a wagon maker by trade, has hewn out 3,000 plows the past 34 years.

Jane Kirk, of Carversville, Bucks county, died recently at the age of 101 years. The husband of the decease died 4 years ago 97 years old. The township has another resident in his 103d year.

Nashville, June 1.—Joe Woods, a negro, brutally outraged the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Hampton, a widowed white woman, near Versailles, in Rutherford county, a day or two since and then crushed her skull with an axe. Woods is in prison and strong threats are made of lynching if his victim dies, which is highly probable.

The Chester county milk company receives 2,500 quarts milk daily and produces 1,000 pounds of butter and 3,000 cheese weekly.

Henry Gray, of Wayne township, Erie county, was killed by lightning on Monday night. He was to have been married the Thursday following.

Advertise in the Reporter.

THE MODOC CAPTURES.

Washington June 3.—The government is in receipt of dispatches this morning from General Schofield confirmatory of the regular press dispatch about the capture of Modocs, including Captain Jack.

It has not been declared what shall be done with them but the general impression among the members of the cabinet is that all who participated in the massacre of General Canby will be hanged, while the remainder of the tribe will be placed on a reservation, with the understanding that if they leave it they will be killed. The matter is the subject of discussion in the cabinet to day

CHINA.

HORRIBLE MASSACRE OF CAPTIVES.

THIRTY THOUSAND CAPTIVES MASSACRED BY THE CHINESE AT TALI-FU.

London, June 3.—A dpatch from Shanghai, giving some particulars of the capture by the Chinese forces of Lalee Foo, in the province of Yunnan South-western China, says the victorious forces fell upon their captives and massacred thirty thousand of them The Sultan poisoned himself rather than fall into the hands of his enemies

London, Tuesday, June 3, 1873. A dispatch from Shanghai giving some particulars of the capture by the Imperial Chinese forces of the City of Tali-Fu, capital of a Mohammedan State in the Province of Yunnan South western China says the most frighful scenes were witnessed in the conquered city upon the entry of Emperor's army. The victorious forces fell upon their captives and massacred 30,000 of them. The Sultan poisoned himself preferring death by his own hands to falling into the power of his enemies.

THE SCENE OF THE ACTS OF BARBARISM.

Tali-fu, the city referred to in the above dispatch, is situated in the north western part of the Province of Yunnan, China. It is densely populated, and was once the capital of one of the two kingdoms into which Yunnan was divided during the reign of Kublai Khan. The Province of Yunnan in the south-western corner of the Chinese Empire, is the stronghold of the Mohammedans. These people have for years defied the power of the Imperial Government, which they declare is Pagan and unfit to rule the followers of the Prophet of God. They have been able to maintain a quasi government of their own for several years. Their chief who has just taken his own life by poison, was known as the Sultan Suleiman; his proclamation assuming sovereignty (written in Arabic was issued a year or two ago and was extensively circulated through Mohammedan countries. The Chinese Imperial army has been slowly concentrating about the rebellious district for some time and now appears to have made a victorious descent upon the seat of Suleiman's Government.

AN INTERESTING DECISION.

Strikes and their Effects on Contracts.

A contract was entered into by the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western railroad company with Henry B. Bowne and others to deliver to them 5,800 tons of coal during December, 1870, the contract excepting the company from full performance in case of strikes, storms, or disasters but requiring them to use every effort to fulfill it. Before the full complement of coal was delivered, a strike occurred, which prevented the contract from being carried out, and Bowne & Co., refused to pay for what coal they had received. The company thereupon brought suit to recover payment, which defendants answered by setting up a counter claim for breach of contract. The coal company alleged as the cause of the failure the strike, which, they claimed, was excepted in the contract. The case was sent to a referee, who found for the company, certifying that the failure to fulfill the contract, which resulted from an attempt by the company to reduce the miner's wages. An appeal was taken from the referee's finding to the superior court, general term, which was on Saturday decided in New York, the court reversing the judgement as against the defendants.

Judge Sedgwick, rendering the opinion of the court, holds that the "strike" excepted in the contract does not include such a one induced by the plaintiffs themselves, and that reducing the wages of their workmen is not making every effort to fulfill the contract. The opinion rendered is one of much interest.

FIRES.

The barn of the Weybessett House, in East Greenwhich, Rhode Island, was struck by lightning at 3 o'clock on the 7th and burned, together with the hotel, the Masonic Hall, Brinck's harness shop, five horses and several carriages. Loss, $12,000.

Cincinnati, June 8.—A fire, doing $150,000 damage, occurred here to-day, burning 1,400 barrels of coal oil, 25 freight cars, mostly loaded; a lumber yard, with 3,000,000 feet of lumber, cheifly hard wood, and 17 dwellings.

The extensive mills of the Hyde Park Wollen Company, near Boston, were burned Saturday morning. Loss, about $500,000; insureance, $400,000.

Werner Broeckin's oil and lamp store, the upper stories and furniture of the Lawrence House, a dwelling house and a boot and shoe store in Burlington, Iowa, were burned on Saturday. Loss about $75,000 insured.

Toledo, Ohio suffered from a destructive fire Saturday morning, losing $200,000.

MEXICO.

Defeat of the Insurgents.

New Orleans, June 6.—A dispatch from Matamoras dated the 5th inst. says Genreal Ceballos, commanding the state of Jalisco, announces a complete victory over the insurgent cheiftain Lozada, in the Alica mountains, near Tepic, where he has heretofore defied the national authority, and routed and dispersed his followers, capturing a number of cannon, a large amount of ammunition, and destroying his mountain fortifications. The roads from this city to Tepec are occupied by the government forces. Ceballos claims to have pacified the state of Jalisco and established the authority of the government in that section, where it has not been respected for years.

A Battle in Cuba.

Havana, June 6.—Official advices from the interior report a battle in the Manzanillo jurisdiction, in which the Spaniards suffered a loss of 21 killed and 60 wounded. The insurgents had 160 killed.

DROUGHT IN PORTO RICO.

Advices from Porto Rico state that drought prevails in some parts of the island and cattle are perishing.

The indemnity received for the emancipation of slaves will be invested in central plantations.

Hamburg, June 6.—The Princess Augusta, of Liegnitz, widow of King Frederick William III, of Prussia, died here to-day.

In Forks township, Northampton county, on Thursday last Frederick Myers and Quintus Kiefer narrowly escaped with their lives while blasting. Both were thrown a considerable distance. The right eye of Myers was destroyed, and his face and arms were injured. Kiefer was badly bruised.

Capt. Jack's Surrender.

LAST OF THE MODOC WAR.

Langell's Valley, Lost River, Oregon, Colonel Green's Camp, via San Francisco—May 31—Evening.—After a thorough examination of the Modoc captures gathered in during the present scout under Colonel Green it has been ascertained that the last ball netted thirty-four men, women and children, thirteen being able bodied warriors, sixteen rifles of various patterns and 113 cartridges. Boston Charley and Schonchin are anxious about the disposition to be made of them. The former murdered Dr. Thomas and the latter mutilated Meacham. Boston Charley and Schonchin look like desperadoes—each carries his character in his face. Boston Charley is about twenty-eight years of age and Schonchin fifty. The boldest warrior of the band is Scarfaced Charley.

A. Cabeness, of Yreka, contract surgeon, who slept in their retreat last night, says that Captain Jack presented a most woebegone appearance.

Appegate's House, Clear Lake, Cal., June 1, 3:30 P. M.—A series of prolonged yells and cheers aroused this camp from a pleasant siester half an hour after the departure of my last courier. Gens. Davis and Wheaton and other officers and all the men rushed from the house tents to find the uproar, and at once the whole camp was in commotion. Down the level plain, north of the house, was a grand cavalcade of mounted horsemen. Steeds rushed forward at once at a furious rate, and soon neared the groups of spectators scatterred about the premises.

"Captain Jack captured!" shouted the sturdy sergeant again. The valley echoed with cheers and yells. The mounted command was Perry's. He had returned from the scout of twenty-three hours three miles above the mouth of Willow creek.

Captain Jack is about forty years old, five feet eight inches high, compactly built, and has a large and well formed face, full or individuality. Although dressed in old clothes he looks every inch a chief. He does not speak to any one.

The Modocs are grouped in a field near the house and surrounded by guards. Spectators peer into Jack's face with eager interest, bet he heeds them not. He is as still as a statue.

Colonel Perry surrounded the Indian retreat and his men were bound to fight. Suddenly a Modoc shot out from the rocks with a white flag. He met the Warm Spring Indians and said that Captain Jack wanted to surrender. Three scouts were sent to meet Jack. He came out cautiously, glanced about him a moment and then, as if giving up all hopes, he came forward and held out his hand to his visitors. Then two of his warriors, five squaws and seven children darted forth and joined him in the surrender.

The wily warrior sat upon a rock in the centre of a little lava bed, a few yards back from the crest of the bluff, and seemed as lonely as his surroundings. He was wrapped in a faded army blanket, his head buried in his hands.

His sister, Mary, captured at Willow Creek day before yesterday, talked to him with tears in her eyes, and asked that he enter camp. He was sullen and had little to say.

MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH KILLED BY HIS SON.

New York, June 3.—At 6:45 this morning Frank H. Walworth, aged nine years, shot and killed his father, Mansfield T. Walworth, in the Sturtevant house. The deceased was an author and boarded at the Sturtvent house. He did not live with his family, and domestic trouble was the cause of the tragedy. Young Walworth, who lives at Saratoga, directly after the shooting went to the police station and surrendered himself.

Mansfield Tracy Walworth, killed by his son this morning, was a son of Chancellor Walworth, the well known author. He separated from his wife three years ago, since which time he has been residing in this city, the remainder of the family living at Saratoga. His son Frank came on from Saratoga yesterday to shoot him. He called at his father's boarding house last night, in Fourth avenue, and not finding him he left a note asking him to call at the Sturtevant house. The father called at the hotel, where the son was stopping, and went up stairs. In about 15 or 20 minutes afterwards several shots were heard coming from the room by one of the chambermaids, who ran down stairs and informed a clerk, who immediately sent out for an officer, but before he arrived Frank Walworth walked down stairs with his coat on his arm and stated to the clerk that he had shot his father, and asked where the nearest police station was.

He then proceeded to the Thirteenth street police station, and walking up to the desk stated to the sergeant in charge that he had shot his father, who was then lying dead in the Sturtevant house, at the same time handing over his revolver, which proved to be one of Colt's five barrelled.

The following is the prisoner's story as told to the coroner in answer to questions put by that gentleman:

I reside with my mother in Saratoga, my father is an author, and I have been studying law. I think my father was about 41 years old, but do not know where he was born. My father has not lived with my mother since we left three years ago, but he has repeatedly sent us threatening and insulting letters. Only a short time since he threatened to shoot my mother and myself. I shot him because of this.

Not long ago I met him in the street in Saratoga, and then told him that if he did not keep away from us, or insulted my mother any more I would shoot him. I told him there were bounds which I would not allow any man to go beyond with impunity, especially when my mother was being insulted.

I went to his house yesterday and left a note for him to call on me, which he did this morning. When he came in the room I drew out a revolver and told him to promise me that he would not threaten or insult us any more, which he promised. Shortly afterwards we began speaking on family matters, and he used some very insulting language, and put his hand in his pocket as though to draw a pistol, when I shot him. He then came towards me, and I fired three other shots at him. When I fired the last shot he had me by the collar. I only regret this on account of the effect it will have on my family. I would like Judge Barbour to know this, as he is was interested in the case before.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE CAPTURED MODOCS.

Washington, June 3.—The cabinet will be called upon, at a meeting to-morrow, to decide a very grave matter, and that is the disposition to be made of the captured Modoc Indians. Secretary Delano says the punishment of these Indians having been given into the hands of the military authorities it is their duty to execute the orders issued from General Sherman, viz: that the extermination of the tribe would be sanctioned by the President. There is a disposition on the part of military officials here to turn the Indians over to the civil authorities. Secretary Delano will approve such steps, regarding the severe punishment of this tribe, as absolutely necessary if peace is to be maintained with other warlike Indians. This matter will be settled at the meeting of the cabinet to-morrow.

TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGDEY.

Savannah, May 27.—Yesterday morning Catherine Meyer, who suspected her husband, E. D. Meyer, of being unfaithful, had her suspicions unmistakably confirmed. She at once denounced her husband in the most unmeasured terms, and the guilty parties speedily separated. On reaching their house the quarrel was renewed and continued with slight intervals until about 9 o'clock in the evening, when Meyer becoming exasperated struck his wife a terrible blow in the mouth, cutting it badly. A few minutes after this a son of the parties August Meyer, aged about 18, entered the store, seeing his mother's mouth bleeding, reproached his father for his inhuman conduct whereupon the latter grew very angry and said, "I'll kill you both." The words were no sooner utterd than young Meyer drew his pistol and fierd at his father twice. Both balls took effect, one entering the right breast and the other the left breast just above the heart, producing almost instant death. Young Meyer proceeded at once to the barracks and delivered himself up to the police athourities, stating that he had killed his father. It appears that on former occasions he had warned his father to cease from illtreating his wife, and had threatened him if he did not. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the deceased had been killed by his son, 5 of the jurors adding a clause, "in self-defence."

Jack Carter, who has been confined in Sing Sing for nearly thirty years, on his release, Saturday, sat down on a stone and wept.

Beecher on Temptation.

THE BIBLE NOT TO BE INTERPRETED LITERALLY.

Mr. Beecher selected as his text yesterday morning the last clause of the sixth verse of the seventh chapter of Romans—"That we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter."

A large part of mankind were morally and intellectually lazy; they prefered to reap the benefit of thought without thinking; to have a path laid down for their feet, so that they shall have no trouble about right and wrong. Men would be glad to have the path of duty as narrow and as clear as the iron of a railway; then they could sail off and never make any mistakes. Everybody wants to go right without any difficulty or trouble. "Give me of this water, that if a man takes he shall not thirst again," says the woman, and every body wants the water, but nobody the trouble of drawing it. Men would be glad to have all parts of life reduced to custom, glad to have a church that should arrange worship and duty; make them plain, just so many and just so often, just when and just what, with absolute certainty, as Babbage's calculating machine brings out figures and results. Men's idea of Christianity is that, like the wheels of a watch, when once wound up away they 'go, ticking all day, striking each hour, and never going wrong. There is no estimate of self-legislation, &c; their idea is not to go wrong, and the best way to do that is not to go at all. Things that are dead never go wrong; last year's stalks of vegetables never went wrong. The only things that do go wrong are those that have life. The majority of men therefore wanted priesthood. Say as much as they may about wanting to be priest-ridden they all wanted something to ride. Men liked to have things fixed for them. They like eating, but don't like to cook. They want a church to do their thinking for them, and they do not like churches that do not do this. They want to lean on their fellow-men as to the higher rules of life, so that in the minor circles they can have their own way and be at ease. Of course this would lead men to a constant perversion of the Scriptures. It was the distinctive peculiarity of the teachings of the Saviour, that they could not be taken literally nor interpreted easily, and never could be let go so that men could say, "there, that is fixed and settled forever," but they did not settle men, they excited them; they did not end controversies, they produced them. There was no book which was so easily perverted as the Bible if men chose to pervert it. The instruction of Jesus could not be understood without moral labor and much careful study, and men would always be uncertain how to carry out the principles of Christ. Men would like to get rid of this, but they never would, except by means as would unman them. He (Mr. Beecher) would take parts of Scripture and show this; not the parts that were most susceptible of doubt, but that part which, of all others, was most universally accepted as clear; he would take the Sermon on the Mount and show by that how difficult it was to interpret the Scriptures. He averred that there was no part of Scripture from beginning to end, that was so impossible to be interpreted without thought and careful study, as was this Sermon on the Mount; and if this was true of the mere ethical instructions, how much more true would it be of the higher experiences taught by John. Consider the language which Christ used in respect to physical force—the right of man to defend himself: "I say unto you that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." Here were two personal elements—personal safety and property—and the command was explicit in both cases. If any man attacks you, don't defend yourself—submit; and if he wants your property, let him take it. If this were carried out literally it would subvart all government, and would pervert mankind so that there would be no such thing as Christianity in the world; it would destroy the whole framework and order of society; there could be no armies, no police and no governments, for, if there was no right in the individual, there was none in the parish, the city, the state, or the nation; and the race would be remanded to barbarism. According to the strict construction of the letter we were not to use resistance against evil, and if we were walking the street and violent men should assail children and women we must put our hands in our pockets and pass on. The whole Christian world had taken a different view of this, and whatever else it has done, fighting has been one of the ethical fruits of Christianity. Society has been built on physical force, and whatever progress had been made had been made in opposition to the non-resistant principle. That in the far future this law of universal non-resistance would have general application was probable, but at present it would be an absurdity. Take another point, the direction as to giving: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." These stand as absolute commands, and if any man ask you are to give freely, and if he borrow from you and forget, as he will, to return it—(laughter)—don't mind it. Taking this literally would break up all business, it would make society impossible, make ownership impossible. We did not need to ask what would be the effect of this, for there was a largely-populated realm where the sun said to all, "There is no need to work!" where everything said, "Come and help yourselves;" where the orange and the banana and the grain all said, "Come." And they did come, and what were they? The whole of them united would not make one average Yankee.

Mr. B. quoted other passages, and showed that to take them literally would be an absurdity. It was their spirit that was to guide and not the letter. He then contrasted the two systems of Romanism and Protestantism, and said the former went upon the theory that men were to be provided for with everything in the way of doctrine and were not to use their reason at all, and the other, that each man should judge for himself of that which was right or wrong. Protestantism said that love was the fulfilling of the law. Romanism said it was infallible, and would specify what must be beleived. In that church everything was tabulated and arranged for men; they had an ordinance for every hour of the day, and a man could go through the whole range of hours, as if he was a machine with the priest turning the crank for him to play; and the man under such a system was just as a machine would be and no more. All these tendencies were wrong toward the letter and not toward the spirit. In contrasting the two systems, Mr. Beecher said that Romanism tended toward despotism, while Protestantism was always toward a larger liberty, and although there was a danger in the latter case of liberty tending toward a dangerous liberalism, it was a thousand times safer than to want liberty as in the other case.

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also a full line of Wallpapers and Borders The Store will be in the charge of his clever and obliging clerk James Montgomery. Centre County, Farmers, Mechanics and others call and examine goods, and compare prices—Jim is a clever fellow and will do all in his power to accommodate you.

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Being very thankful for the patronage and many favors shown me by my Centre county friends, I still solicit their patronage and I will guarantee to give satisfaction in every way—Goods will sold very close for cash. W. J. M'MANIGAL.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JUNE 12, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

—ALWAYS BUY A GOOD BOOK.—Livingstone's book, entitled, Lost and Found, containing 800 pages, and filled with beautiful engravings, is the very book which every family should have. It is not necessary to give any further description of this interesting work—the name is sufficient for all. I claim the right to supply all desiring to purchase in Centre county, having the exclusive agency, and the book can be obtained of me at all times. I will also call on as many as possible at their homes. All desiring to buy this book give the undersigned their order. Price low, and no trouble to give information. Address, G. H. RISHEL, Agent for Centre county, Centre Hill, Pa.

MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CENTRE HALL WATER CO.—The Stockholders of the above Corporation are requested to meet at the lower school room, on Thursday evening, June 12th, at 6 o'clock, for the purpose of adopting such new By-laws and making such alterations in present ones as may be deemed necessary. A full attendance is requested. F. KURTZ, Pres't.
WM. WOLF, Sec'y. ma15,4t

—We are in receipt of a copy of "History of Lock Haven, with a Review of its Business and Progress for the year 1872-3, compiled by Ed. B. Haines." This little work gives a complete history of that flourishing city, and is worth preserving for reference.

—The following rads have announced themselves willing to accept county offices: For Commissioner—J. A. Dailey, of Curtin; R. H. Strohecker, of Miles; Adam D. Swartz, of Benner; Capt. Dunlap, of Ferguson. For Treasurer—Joseph E. Mitchell, of Benner and W. W. Rodgers, of Nittany.

—The Evangelicals of this place, intend erecting a church this summer, and have nearly all the material on the ground for that purpose.

—Prof. Henry Meyer is about opening a Normal School at Rebersburg. Mr. M. is one of the foremost teachers in this county.

— The next County Sabbath School Convention, will be held at Spring Mills, in 1874.

—The Citizens' Band of Boalsburg, assisted by a string band, will hold a festival on 4th and 5th days of July. Refreshments of all kinds will be served out day and evening. All are invited to attend.

—Always go to Ruhl's opposite Hoffer's store, if you wish to buy cheap groceries. He studies to please customers, and gives you nothing but what is good and at small profit. Ruhl's grocery will be found one of the best in Bellefonte.

—Services will be held in the Reformed church, at Boalsburg, on next Sabbath at 2 o'clock, on account of the death of Rev. P. S. Fisher.

— Attorney General Williams is preparing his opinion on the questions concerning the Modocs. It will be completed in two or three days.

—Every man can do his own puffing now, in first class style, by purchasing his cigars and tobacco, of Hiram Hoffer, in the Conrad house, Bellefonte, where the choicest articles are always to be found.

—School directors are requested to be prompt in sending in their Annual Reports. Printed instructions for making out reports will be found on the blanks. The law requires a statement of the finances of the district to be published, and no reports will be approved by the Co. Supt. where it is known that this has not been done. Gregg township has the honor to be the first, this year, to report. Who will be next? R. M. MAGEE,
Co. Supt.

—J. K. Runkle, our Barns farmer, says, that he has plenty of wheat that measures over four feet in the stalks, and is nicely out in heads.

—The majority of our young folks, appear to amuse themselves by playing croquet.

—Ed. Perks' new brick yard, at Philipsburg, has the capacity for turning out 30,000 brick per day. We should like to see Perks elected State Treasurer and "turn out" the treasury ring as well.

—It is claimed that the largest day's sawing "ever done by one gang in the United States" was done by the mill of Sayler, Day & Morey, at the mouth of Beech Creek, Clinton county, on the 28th ult., at which time 113,601 feet of three-quarter white pine were cut in 11½ hours, including 40 minutes stoppages.

—An infant child of Jacob Zimmerman, Moshannon Mines, above Osceola, died on Wednesday of last week from drinking concentrated lye which its mother had been using while washing—during the temporary absence of its mother.—*Journal.*

—A young man named Moore, employed on a saw mill at Williamsport, killed a comrade named Isaac Reigle, on Monday evening. Moore was always a peaceful youth, but it appears that he had a quarrel with Reigle previously, and got the worst of it, when he took this terrible revenge.

—The Lewistown Gazette says "a chopper name Duffy, killed a black snake last week at Bixler's Gap, 13 feet and 9 inches long and 16 in. in circumference. On the same day he despatched 4 rattlesnakes."

—We had a very heavy thunder shower on last Tuesday afternoon.

—Wm. C. Duncan wants the nomination for Senator in the Union county district,

—The cut worm is playing sad havoc with the growing corn in some parts of this county, necessitating re-planting.

—A meeting of landlords representing the counties of Blair, Huntingdon, Mifflin, Centre, Clearfield and one or two others was held at Tyrone last week. The counties named are all embraced within the limits of the workings of the law commonly known as "local option," or, in other words, the anti-license law, and the prime object of the meeting was to devise ways and means by which to make good the losses daily entailed upon the landlords by the recent absolute abatement of the whisky traffic.

—At Newberry, Lycoming county, on Wednesday morning a young man by the name of Charles W. Sanders, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, while suffering from sickness and depression of spirits

—A circus passed through here on Wednesday morning for Bellefonte; it stopped at Millheim on Tuesday, where it had a very slim attendance.

—After July 1st, the postage on newspapers will be 5 cents per quarter (3 months). This law will undoubtedly be repealed at the next meeting of Congress, hence it will be best not to pay postage for a longer time than 6 months.

—Rev. Hamil will administer the Lord's Supper, in the Presbyterian church at Centre Hill, on Sabbath next.

Sheriff Rinesmith, of Perry county, has been prosecuted for not enforcing the law relative to the removal of fish baskets in the Juniata.

—The agent of the Superior Mower will give a trial of that machine, at the Old Fort, on Tuesday, June 24th. An invitation is respectfully extended to all, farmers in particular, to be present, and witness the operation. The field will be open to all other competitors with their machines, subject to the rules laid down for the occasion.

JOHN H. ODENKIRK,
Agent for Centre Co.

President Grant and family, and Gen. Babcock, his secretary, left here in the early train this morning for Long Branch.

So says a Washington dispatch of 6th. That's about all that one hears of Grant from the national capitol, that he has left it for this or that sporting place. A blessing for the country it will be when he leaves Washington finally.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Receipts and Expenditures of Potter School District for the year ending June 2nd, 1873.

Fred Kurtz, Treasurer in account.

Gross amt. of tax duplicate for school and building purposes.....		$3281 83
Outstanding tax.....	$547 51	
Bal on J Bitner due bill	101 62	
Bal due at settlement June '1872.....	690 47	
Note of Phil. Durst.....	10 96	
Due bill M'f'y comp....	41 46	
Order of W Stump on m'f'g comp.....	60 00	
Amt. received from Benner twp., tuition.....	20 48	
Amt received Jno Farner col for 1871.....	213 20	
State appropriation for 1872.....	407 34	
Amt received from A Reesman on lumber...	5 00	
Amt received from tax payers with abatement	3278 80	
Amt received without abatement.....	155 52	
Amt received from D F Luse, col to date.....	1300 00	
Int. on Phil. Durst note	84 85	
Total receipts.....		$6319 70

EXPENDITURES.

Paid teachers' salary...	3273 44	
" for lot, deed and surveying for school house at Churchville..	102 00	
" H R Smith for new school house and posts for fencing lot.....	1106 00	
" S S Farner first payment for school house at Centre Hall.....	600 00	
" B. & S. S RR Co., for 30690 lbs coal.....	43 34	
" Shortlidge & Co for 13370 lbs coal.....	44 12	
" J. R. & C. T. Alexander for 4180 lbs coal..	13 58	
" for hauling coal.....	65 84	
" for wood furnished at 10 school houses.....	158 00	
" for kindling wood.....	14 00	
" Durst & Harlacher rent for school room Centre Hall 1st month	8 00	
" Henry Royer lease of school lot.....	1 50	
" Samuel Stover for 2 coal stoves.....	42 00	
" A Reesman for stove, pipe, elbows, and repairing stove.....	27 65	
" for repairing school-houses, & furniture....	73 79	
" for glass, brooms, bolts locks, buckets, &c, for all the school houses in the district.....	60 92	
" S S Farner for building two coal boxes.....	16 00	
" for Penn's District Register.....	5 00	
" Geo Stover for filling duplicate.....	5 00	
" Fred Kurtz for advertising.....	8 50	
" Centre Hall m'f'g comp for repairing stove.....	7 51	
" J. J. Caney for stationary and postage...	1 00	
" salary for Sec stationary and postage.....	31 00	
5 per cent. abatement on $3278.80.....	163 94	
Commission of Treasurer 2 per cent. on $5708.19.....	114 16	
		$5986 29
Balance in Treasury....		$333 41
M'f'g company note.....	52 49	
Jno Bitner note.....	20 00	
Phil. Durst note.....	10 83	
Cash.....	250 09	
Bal. in and due treasury.		333 41
Outstanding tax in duplicate for 1871, Jno. Farner col.....	96 59	
Exoneration and errors..	84 79	
Due Treasurer.....		11 80
" from Benner twp tuition.....	20 52	
" from Harris twp tuition	11 40	
" from Gregg " "	22 80	
Outstanding tax for 1872 D F Luse col.....	547 51	
Total in and due treasury from sources.....		$947 44

PETER HOFFER, *President.*
W. W. ROYER, *Sec'y.*

We the undersigned Auditors have examined the above accounts, and find them to be correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

W. W. LOVE,
JAS. M'CLINTIC,
J. M. GILLILAND,
Auditors.
june 12-3t

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth Heckman, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.
JOHN F. HECKMAN,
Adm'r.
junh 12-6t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Christopher Moyer, of Penn twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.
B. F. PHILIPS,
S. J. HERRING,
june 12-6t Executors.

SOMETHING NEW.

An elegant Album for 25 cents holding 24 full sized cards bound in full gilt cover and sold at the low price of 25 cents, suitable for the pocket or centre table. Order a sample, sent by mail post paid on receipt of 25 cents. 3 for 60 cents, or 6 for $1.
Address, Burrow & Co
Baltimore, MD
Agents wanted. Catalogues of Books' Pictures &c sent free.

FARMERS READ THIS.—The superior Reaper & Mower, is a candidate for favor to which the attention of Centre county farmers is called. The Superior is manufactured in Wheeling, W. Va., and has met a large sale, and obtained many high recommendations in Ohio, and other states. This machine dispenses with cog-gearing and all unnecessary traps with which many other machines are afflicted; it is simple in construction, strong and durable, easily managed, and light draught. The Superior is fully warranted to do its work right, or no sale.

Mr. John H. Odenkirk, of the Old Fort, is agent for Centre county for the Superior, and persons wishing a Mower & Reaper had better call on him before purchasing another. 30 jan.

NOTICE!—H. D. VAN FELT & CO. are building a few FIRST CLASS REAPERS and MOWERS, for this season's trade, which they warrant in every respect equal and in some respects superior to any Machine offered in this market, and which they propose to SELL for a little LESS MONEY than any other Machines are sold at. Persons wishing GOOD MACHINES, with the advantages of any repairs handy at home, will do well to examine our Machines before purchasing foreign ones. We will put them all out on trial. 15m2ym

HOUSE and LOT FOR SALE.—A lot of ground, at Potter's Mills, thereon erected a two-story dwelling House, with good Wagonmaker Shop, a good Stable, and all necessary outbuildings, is offered at private sale, on reasonable terms. There is a well of never failing water, with pump, near the door. For further particulars apply to MRS. KATE SHAFER,
17apr8m Potters Mills.

—LIME!—Mr. George Koch has taken charge of the Lime kiln, near Centre Hall and will constantly keep on hand a good quality of Lime Mr. Koch can be found at the kiln at any time during the day, to wait upon customers. my15

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We are pained to chronicle the death of Mr. Henry Specht, a young and worthy citizen of Adamsburg. The deceased in company with a number of others were raising the frame work of a large. Bank shed at Dreese's tannery one side of which was raised at a time, three sides were put up at their proper places, the last side was then put up and Mr. Specht ascended the frame to assist in putting one of the rafter plates in position when the side wall gave way. Mr. Specht jumped, and the falling frame struck him on the back part of the head, he was unconscious from the time of the accident on Friday morning and lingered until night-fall when death ended his suffering. He was a former member of the 76th Pa. Vol's. and served until the close of the late war. He leaves a wife, child and many warm friends to mourn his loss.

June the 6th, last Friday, was a bloody day, the record of that day's crime has the following headings: Attempted Murder of a woman by a begging tramp at Hazleton—Murderous Affray in Kansas and house burned by soldiers—Attempted murder of a woman at Albion, New York.—Murder of an old Woman by her daughter in Binghampton, &c.

There is evidently no nonsense about the farmers of Carroll County Ill. In a convention recently they somewhat forcibly resolved that the "increase of Congressional salaries in these hard times is an infernal outrage upon the working people of the country." We don't remember seeing a more concise statement of popular sentiment upon the salary grad.

THE NEW GAME AND FISH LAW.—Many changes were made in the Game and Fish laws during the last session of the Legislature. That our readers may be thoroughly posted on these points, and thus avoid making themselves liable to a prosecution through ignorance of the law, we publish the following summary of the late act defining the time and manner in which fish and game of various kinds may be taken within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

GAME.

No person shall pursue or kill any deer, save only from the first day of September to the first day of January, in any year. The pursuit of deer with dogs is forbidden at all times. Trapping of deer, except for family use, is also forbidden. The penalty for the violation of the above law is a fine of $50. Any constable or town official may kill any dog that habitually pursues deer, and the owner thereof is liable to a penalty of $10 for each deer or fawn killed by such dog. *Provided*, That so much of this section as prohibits the running of deer with dogs shall not apply to the counties of Centre, Clinton, Fayette, Schuylkill and Wyoming.

Gray, Black and Fox Squirrels may be killed only from the first day of July until the first day of January, in each year. The penalty for violation of this act is a fine of $5 for each squirrel killed out of season.

Rabbits may be killed from the first day of October until the first day of February, in any year. The penalty for killing out of season is $5, for each rabbit so killed. Hunting rabbits with a ferret is forbidden under a penalty of $10 for each rabbit so killed.

Wild Turkeys may be killed from the first day of October until the first day of January of each year. The penalty for killing out of season is $10 for each Turkey so killed.

Snipe may be killed from the first day of September until the twentieth day of April of each year. The penalty for killing out of season is $10 for each Snipe so killed.

Woodcock may be killed from the first day of August until the first day of January of any year. Penalty of $10 for each Woodcock killed out of season.

Field Plover may be killed from the first day of August until the first day January. Penalty of $10 for each Plover killed out of season.

No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any Quail or Virginia Partridge, except only from the first day of November until the first day of January of any year. The penalty for killing out of season is $10 for each Partridge so killed.

No person shall kill or trap or have in their possession after the same is killed, any Robin, Nighthawk, Sparrow, Lark, Swallow, Cat-bird, Blue-bird, or any other insectiverous bird, at any time, under a penalty of $5 for each bird so killed.

No person shall rob or destroy the nest or eggs of any wild bird, excepting such birds as are destructive of game and insectiverous birds, under a penalty of $10 for each offence.

No person shall, at any time or place, take any Wild Turkey, Partridge or Quail, or Woodcock by means of any blind, trap, net or any device whatever, under a penalty of $10 for every bird so taken. *Provided* that nothing in this section shall prevent the trapping of game, for propagation or preservation over winter, from the 20th of December to the 1st day of February next following.

Shooting on Sunday is forbidden under a penalty of $10.

FISH.

No corporation shall throw any culm or coal lirt into any of the waters of this State, under penalty of $50 for each offence, in addition to liability for all damages inflicted.

No person shall at any time catch any speckled trout with any device, save only with hook and line, or place any set-lines in waters inhabited by them, under a penalty for $25 for each offence.

It shall not be lawful for any person to place any set-net across any of the canals, creeks or rivulets, of this State, under a penalty of $25 for each offence.

In any waters of this State inhabited by trout or bass, it shall not be lawful to catch fish with any net the meshes of which shall not be over three inches, under a penalty of $25.

Salmon or speckled trout may be caught from the first day of April until the fifteenth day of August of each year. Penalty for taking out of season, $10.

Any person trespassing on any preserve or fish pond is liable to a penalty of $100 to the owner, in addition to damages.

Bass and pike may be caught from the first day of June until the first day of March, with a hook and line. The penalty for taking out of season, or in any other manner than by hook or line, $25 for each offence.

No person shall catch any trout, bass or other fish in any of the waters of this state by shutting or drawing small nets or seins therein, when the water shall be partly or wholly drawn off, under a penalty of $25 for each offence.

In all cases where the shooting of game or catching of fish is prohibited in any county or counties, for a fixed term of years, by special act, nothing in the above act shall be constructed to alter or invalidate such special acts.

It shall be the duty of the Mayors and Burgesses of the cities and towns of this Commonwealth, to require their police and constabulary force, and it is hereby made their duty, and also the duty of the clerks of markets of said towns and cities, to search out and warrest all persons violating any of the provisions of this act. Any person having a knowledge of any of these provisions may make information of the same, and one-half of the penalty shall go to the informer.

TRIAL OF A LIFE INSURANCE CASE IN BALTIMORE—THE COMPANIES REFUSE TO PAY THE INSURANCE A CHARGE THAT THE INSURED MUTILATED A BODY SO THAT IT SHOULD BE MISTAKEN FOR HIS OWN.

Baltimore, June 4.—An interesting life insurance case, involving some nice questions as to identity, etc, has been before Judge Bond in the United States Circuit Court here for the past week. The facts of the case may be substantially stated as follows: Early in the Winter of 1872, one Winfield Scott Goss, formerly of Nashville, Tenn. but then residing here, effected an insurance on his life to the amount of $25,000, in four different companies; in the Travelers of Hartford, Conn, for $10,000 and for $5,000 in each of the Continental, Knickerbocker and Mutual Life Insurance Companies of New-York. Goss was a gilder of frames, and occupied a workshop near the Cold Spring Hotel on the Yard-road, about three miles from this city; he also used his workshop for the purpose of experimenting in a substitute for india-rubber, for which he intended to obtain a patent. On the evening of Feb. 2, 1872 his workshop was discovered to be in flames, and the body of a man so shockingly mutilated as to defy identity, was found in the ruins. Several months elapsed before the present plaintiff, Eliza M. Goss, widow of the insured applied for the payment of the insurance on her husband's life. The companies refused to pay upon the ground that the death of Goss had not been proved and that the body found among the ruins of his workshop was not the body of Goss but the body of another man which had been placed there by the insured who then fired the shop and escaped—the whole being an attempt on the part of the man Goss to defraud the insurance companies out of $25,000. Many witnesses have been examined on both sides. It has been proved that Goss was a man of intemperate habits, having no income except that derived from his daily labor; that he was willing and glad to work as a journeyman gilder at $15 a week; that the insurances on his life were too large to hasty, and too unusal to be honest; that the premiums on them would amount to $450 per annum, an amount out of all proportion to the insured's income. It was shown that on the day before the fire Goss drew out all the money he had in bank, and that, on the evening of the fire his brother failed to keep an engagement he had with a young lady, and that a person answering to his description hired a horse and buggy at a livery stable, and upon returning them in about two hours, left a pair of new riding gloves with the stableman, the supposition being that these gloves were worn in handling the dead body, which is said to have been placed in the shop by Goss previous to firing the building. The plaintiff contended that the burnt body was easily recognized as that of Goss by the extraordinary size of the neck and chest. The case has excited an unusuali iterest, owing to the mysterious circumstances surrounding it. The court-room has been crowded each day by business men, insurance agents and others interested in the matter who have watched the proceedings with intense interest. The case will go to the Supreme Court of the United States in any event. Several of the most eminent members of the Baltimore bar are engaged in the suit which will not be concluded for several days.

THE MODOCS TO BE TRIED BY COURT MARTIAL.

Washington, June 8—The President and secretary of war have already been informed of the opinion of Attorney General Williams that such of the Modocs as are charged with offences against the recognized laws of war may be tried and punished by a military commission. The war department will in accordance with this opinion send instructions to General Davis through General Schofield.

According to the regulations of the army the proceedings and finding of military commissions where the sentence is death are transmitted to Washington for review and approval of the President before sentence can be carried into effect. Several weeks must unavoidably pass before the punishment of the Modocs can take place should all the usual postal forms of communication be observed instead of the medium of the telegraph.

CAPTAIN JACK WORTH SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

An enterprising individual writes to the government from Tiffin, Ohio, offering to pay $60,000 for the privilege of exhibiting Captain Jack throughout the country during the period of sixty days. The showman promises to keep Jack securely treat him well and return him to the government at the expiration of sixty days provided he does not commit suicide, in which case the proposition is to pay only $1,000 per day for the time he remains in the showman's hands alive. It is proposed to pay $30,000 upon the delivery of Jack at Chicago and the balance at the close of the two months.

RETAIL PRICE LIST

OF

JOBBING AND COMMISSION HOUSE

OF BURNSIDE & THOMAS,

Bellefonte, Pa.

2 good Cigars for	5cts
White sugars per pound	13cts
Demarara sugar per pound	13cts
Rio coffee	25cts
Arbuckles brown coffee per pound	30cts
Best washing soaps per pound	6, 7 & 8cts
Best starch per pound	10cts
Best bright Navy tobacco per pound	50cts
Best Black Navy tobacco	60cts
" double thick and bright and black	35cts
Fine cut chewing tobacco per pound	80cts
Best sugar-cured Hams per pound	17cts
No. 1 black pepper per pound	30cts
Molasses per gallon	60cts
Large size dairy Salt per sack	15cts
Molasses per gallon	60cts

Coal oil in 5 gal. lots 35cts. per gallon best article.

Mackeral without heads and all kind of mackeral and Herring at city prices.

Double X X white, drips 80cts per gallon, in 5 gallon lots 5cts a gallon less.

1000 other articles too numerous to mention; cheap. Men's stogies, heavy shoes at $1.35 per pair. They have the largest and cheapest stock of goods ever offered to the public. If you want to

SAVE 20 TO 50 PER CENT.

GO TO BURNSIDE & THOMAS

opposite the Bush House. All kinds of whole packages at less prices.

The Osage Indians have attacked the herds and killed and scalped a man on the new Ellsworth trail, Kansas.

It is reported that the Bank of France will advance the funds necessary to complete the payment of the war indemnity, and the evacuation of French territory by German troops will immediately follow.

Pros. John Wise and W. H. Donaldson two experienced and well-known æronauts propose to take the balloon voyage of which so much has been said and so little done. The Boston Board of Aldermen have responded to a petition from them, and made an appropriatiou of $3,000 to aid them in fitting out their ærial ship, in which hey will start from the Common in that city on the Fourth of July. The gentlemen intend taking two other persons with them.

Paris, May 31,—The Orleanists in the Assembly are seeking an alliance with the left centre, having refused to form a coalition with the Legitimists and Bonapartists. The left centre, however, decline to entertain their proposition.

COMMENCED ITS THIRDYEAR.

We are in receipt of the Pittsburgh PeoplesMonthly (Illustrated) for June This number keeps fully up, in the excellence of its illustration and the variety of its reading matter, with those which have gone before. A new serial called "Scarlet," is commenced and many original contributions from writers of repute promised. June begins this monthly's third year. The publication of an illustrated 16-page paper out West was rather a hazardous enterprise but we are glad to know that the venture is a successful one. The circulation is over double that of last year and it bears on every page the impress of prosperity. With its beautiful illustrations for the home; its fine tinted paper; its "Household" and "Boys and Girls" departments, we don't know a paper in the country which surpasses it in elegant appearance, or attractiveness. It now gives away to every subscriber a very choice and rich chromo or a 24x30 inch engraving. The fact that it has over one thousand ministers on its lists, should be sufficient guarantee to families that, as a paper for the home, it is arrayed on the side of virtue, purity, and morality. Price only $1,50 per year. Agents wanted, on big commission, in every section. Address PEOPLES MONTHLY, Pittsburg.

THE BEAUTIFUL NEW CHROMO, "PET."

This is the appropriate name of a new, superb, and wonderfull-taking 16x20 inch chromo, made in Boston by the best chromo-maker of the country, and now the exclusive property of the Pittsburgh Peoples Monthly, the popular, illustrated paper for home. Large and elegant as it is, it is given away "in the sheet" to every subscriber at only $1.50 a year. Every body has by this time heard of this monthly. It has just entered its third yeart has a very rapidly-growing circulation, and over one thousand ministers on its list; universally popular, and with its tinted paper and elegant typography, it is as beautiful a paper as is published in this or any other country. It makes home matters a specialty; its illustrations are generally in that line, and once taken, it becomes invaluable to both mothers and children. Good agents are allowed a very large commission and are now netting on it from ten to twenty dollars per day, depending on the agent and locality. Exclusive territory allotted live agents if applied for at once, and good references given. Send for sample and agents' circular. The best chance out for good workers. Address PEOPLES MONTHLY, Pittsburg, Pa.

ORPHANS COURT SALE!!

By virtue of an order of the Orphans Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on TUESDAY, JUNE 10th, next, at 2 o'cl'k

VALUABLE FARM OF 220 ACRES!

known as the property of Henry Rothrock, dec'd, deceased, situated about three miles east of Bellefonte. Every foot of this property is tillable and under fence.

170 ACRES are Cleared, and in good state of cultivation. The balance consists of Fifty Acres of

ORIGINAL PINE AND OAK TIMBER

Upon the property are beds of iron ore, cement and limestone. It will be sold in two or three parts if desired, and private bids will be received until the day of sale.

Terms of Sale: One-third to remain in the premises as dowry according to the will of the deceased; one-third to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in one year thereafter with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

may8 NANCY A. ROTHROCK,
JOHN HOFFER.

CENTRE HALL

COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates

Carriages,

Buggies,

& Spring Wagons,

PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may22 tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

EDWARD J. EVANS & CO.,
NURSERYMEN & SEEDSMEN,
York, Pa.

Catalogues Mailed to Applicants

Refer (by permission) to
Hon. J. S. Black, Washington, D. C.
Weiser, Son & Carl, Bankers, York, Pa.
June 5-6m.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,
Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

He is now fully prepared to extract teeth *absolutely without pain.* my8-73-tf.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John Love, late of Potter twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.
ELIZ. H. LOVE,
OLIVER K. LOVE,
may15 6t Adm'rs.

MARRIAGES.

On 20 ult., in Millheim, by J. H. Reifsnyder, esq, B. F. Allen and Catherine Eisenhuth, both of Penn twp.

On 31 inst., Caleb Diehl, of Union county, and Annie C. Contner, of Penn twp.

On 15 ult., Jacob Catherman, of Union county, and Hettie J. Ulrich, of Aaronsburg.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday morning, 11th, at Rebersburg, Maj. John Reynolds, aged 73 years. Maj. Reynolds has been a citizen of that place for about 50 years, and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was a leading Democrat, and at one time represented this county in the State Legislature.

On Tuesday the 27th of May, near Rebersburg, of Cerebro Spinal Meningitis, after a very painful illness of ten weeks, Ada M. daughter of George W. Royer, aged about 13 years

On 27th ult., at the residence of her sister in Benner twp., Jane Glenn, aged 67 years 5 months and 23 days.

On 4th inst., in Potter twp., Cathrine, consort of John Mitterling, aged 49 years, 7 months and 7 days.

On 2nd, in Penn twp., Christopher Moyer, aged 60 years, 7 months, and 25 days.

On 3rd, near Centre Hill, of typhoid fever, Thomas, son of Judge Hosterman, aged about 19 years.

On the night of the 3rd, in Potter twp., Mrs. Polly From, wife of Wm. From, aged about 63 years.

In Tylersville, May 23, 1873, Charles Irvin Bierly, aged 2 years' 7 months and 22 days, infant son of John Henry and Sarah M. Bierly.

In Mill Hall, on Saturday, May 24, Mrs. Sarah Bartholemew, wife of Wendell Bartholemew, aged 73 years, 1 month and 21 days.

At Hamburg, May 8, 1873, after a short illness, Mary A, wife of Williamson Potter and daughter of John G. Beck, aged 33 years 1 month and 17 days.

At Salona, Pa, on April 27 1873, of consumption, Mr. Abram Hollopeter, aged 67 years 8 months and 7 days.

On 26 th ult, at Ceder Springs, Clinton county, William Strunk, formerly of Centre county, aged 83 years 9 months, and 9 days.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1,95, Red 190.... Rye..... 75..... Corn 60 ..... Oats 35..... Barley 60. 70..... Clover seed 5,00 ..... Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 7..... Pork per pound 06 Butter 20..... Eggs 20. ..... Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8..... Bacon 8 ..... Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,85.... Red wheat 1,80.... Rye 70..... Corn 40..... Oats 35..... Barley 60..... Cloverseed 5,00..... Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack..... Bacon 10c..... Ham 16..... Butter 25... Eggs 25..... Plaster 9 50

Wages FOR ALL WHO ARE Willing to Work. Any person, old or young, of either sex, can make from $10 to $50 per week, at home day or evening. Wanted by all. Suitable to either City or Country, and any season of the year. This is a rare opportunity for those who are out of work, and out of money, to make an independent living. No capital being required. Our pamphlet "HOW TO MAKE A LIVING," giving full instructions, sent on receipt of 10 cents. Address, A. BURTON & CO., Morrisania, Westchester Co, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell our new and novel Embroidering Machine, send for Illustrated Circular, to the McKee Manufacturing Company, 809 Broadway, N. York.

THE PARLOR COMPANION.

Every Lady wants one!
Every Man ought to have one!
Sent on receipt of Ten Cents. Address, L. F. HYDE & CO., 26 Seventh Avenue, New York.

BON-TON FLIRTATION SIGNALS.

Sent on receipt of 25 cts. Unique Printing and Publishing House, 36 Vesey street, New York.

THE BECK WITH $20 PORTABLE Family Sewing Machine, on 30 days Trial; many advantages over all. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Sent complete, with full instructions. Beckwith Sewing Machine Co., 863 Broadway, N.Y.

THE NEW ELASTIC TRUSS—An important invention. It retains the Rupture at all times and under the hardest exercise or severest strain. It is worn with comfort, and if kept on night and day, effects a permanent cure in a few weeks. Sold cheap, and sent by Mail when requested, circulars free, when ordered by letter, sent to The Elastic Truss Co., No. 68 Broadway, N. Y. City. Nobody uses Metal Spring Trusses; too painful; they slip off too frequently. Finally, one

15,000 BOLTS OF WALL PAPER!

Now on exhibition at Millheim and Milroy Hardware Stores. About 85 different patterns.

PRICES RANGING FROM 10 CENTS TO $1.00 PER BOLT.

Beautiful Gilt Paper at one dollar
Panel Paper and Parlor Decorations.

A reasonable credit will be given to responsible parties for paper, for 5 per cent. deducted from prices for cash. Prices are the same at both Stores.
apr 3 4m. W. J. M'MANIGAL.

Great Reduction In Prices Of Note Paper.

We are now prepared to furnish Note paper at prices far below any that have ever before been offered at retail in this county.
Best quality Commercial note paper

Second best do	at 15 cts per quire
Third best do	at 12 cts per quire
	at 10 cts per quire

Purchasers will find this to be of the same quality heretofore sold in this place for 25, 20, and 15 cts per quire, but having bought our paper at extremely low figures, we desire to give our customers the full benefit of the reduction.

Look At This!!

Initial Paper With Chromo!

French Initial paper	15 cts per box	
Plain white	" 20	"
Rose tint	" 25	"
Two tints	" 40	"

With a handsome chromo given away with each 40 cent box.
JAMES WELCH & CO.,
20 mar tf Opposite Bush House.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

No Better Place!

The subscriber is just receiving from the eastern cities a Full Stock of

SUMMER GOODS

which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Wool Flannels. Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.

NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c.

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of
Men's Boy's and Children's
of the latest style and best.

CLOTHING,

Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

WM. WOLF.

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

The proprietor of Rynder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fac that they

Can Save Money

by purchasing their musical instruments of Rynder's Music Store. We are selling

Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octavo Organs, at $140,

(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) These we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

CENTRE HALL.

S. S. WOLF, Ryder Organ	$225.00
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WM. ETTINGER, Ryder Organ	$240.00

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In a few weeks we will call attention to our

PIANO DEPARTMENT.

In short by writing a letter to us and getting our prices—we deliver all instruments—

You Can Save From $40 to $60 on an Organ.

Address,

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE, Lock Haven, Pa.

I. Guggenheimer.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

embracing

READY MADE CLOTHING,

DRESS GOODS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES

and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.

P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in

LEATHER and SHOE-FINDINGS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS, in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

C. F. Herlacher N. Cronmiller.

NEW GOODS!

FRESH ARRIVA

Farm, Garden and Household.

Practical Recipes.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.—To be poured into hot gem-pans and baked in a quick oven: One pint sweet milk, two eggs, one and one-fourth pint flour, a pinch of salt; beat for twenty minutes; you will find them crisp and delicate.

GREEN-PEA FRITTERS.—One pint cooked peas; mash while hot; season to taste; make batter of two eggs, one cup milk, one-fourth teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half cup flour; beat hard; cook as for griddle-cakes.

BREAD OMELET.—Put into a stew-pan a teacupful of bread crumbs, one teacupful of cream, one table-spoonful of butter, with salt, pepper, and nutmeg; when the bread has absorbed the cream, work in two beaten eggs; beat them a little with the mixture; fry on an omelet-pan, and roll up.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—At night take one pint sweet milk lukewarm; two eggs, butter size of a walnut, three table-spoons yeast, flour enough to make it the consistency of biscuit-dough; let it stand until morning, then roll thin as for biscuit; cut in circles about four inches in diameter; butter the surface, and fold together; when the rolls are quite light, bake them in a quick oven.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Slice up an onion in a bowl; cover with good vinegar; leave two or three days; pour off vinegar into a basin; put into it one tea-spoonful pepper, one of salt, one table-spoonful brown sugar, and mustard enough to thicken; smooth the mustard for vinegar as you would flour for gravy; mix all together; set on the stove and stir until it boils, when remove and use it cold.

BROILED SWEETBREADS.—The best way to cook sweetbreads is to broil them thus: Parboil them, and then put them on a clean gridiron for broiling. When delicately browned, take them off and roll in melted butter in a plate to prevent their being dry and hard. Some cook them on a griddle well buttered, turning frequently, and some put narrow strips of fat salt pork on them while cooking.

COUNTRY PUDDING.—Mix the yolks of three eggs smoothly with three heaped tablespoonfuls of flour; thin the batter with new milk till it is of the consistency of cream; whisk the whites of the eggs separately, stir them into the batter, and boil the pudding in a floured cloth or basin for an hour. Before it is served, cut the top quickly in cross bars, pour over it a small pot of raspberry or strawberry jelly or jam, and send quickly to table.

Improved Stock—High Grades.

That improved stock will pay should no longer be a matter of doubt by intelligent farmers, for when we consider that the world moves, that improvement is the order of this day and age. If our farmers do not improve their stock they will fall behindhand, for the time has come when the stock is the mainstay on the farm. Raising corn and oats don't pay the actual expense of production unless it is marketed through stock, and to successfully compete in the stock markets against Kentucky and the East, the Western States must have improved stock. It may not be practical for all farmers to raise thoroughbred cattle, but we must insist that it is both practical and profitable for the Western farmers to improve their stock, and instead of the common scrub stock raise high grades. A half-bred Durham steer is pre-eminently better for beef than a common scrub, will always command a higher price, will mature earlier, and is sufficiently hardy to take the ordinary treatment of the common stock of the farm, although farmers will always find that it pays to take good care of their stock, as some of our most successful stock men say that next to having good stock is to take care of them well, and in a few years farmers who get a stock of half-breed short horns, seeing the great benefits, will grade up higher and higher—always using a thoroughbred bull—until they will get a herd of high grades that they will be proud of, and that will be more profitable than scrub stock; and what is true of cattle is also true of horses, sheep, and hogs. We need better horses; we want more of the thoroughbred blood infused into our stock of farm horses to make them more efficient and serviceable and capable of withstanding greater endurance, and they will be more salable and more valuable. And it is now admitted by all that Western farmers cannot profitably raise any but the improved breeds of sheep and hogs, and we want to see this improvement extend to all the stock raised on Western farms.—*Western Agriculturist.*

Rag Carpets.

There has been considerable written, of late, about rag carpets, says P., of Warsaw, N. Y., in *Rural New Yorker*, and while the subject is being agitated, I should like to have my say about them. I am a farmer's daughter and a farmer's wife, and I know that farmers' wives who can cut, sew, and color the rags for thirty yards of carpet (and I suppose the weaving was included in the time) in two months, are the "exception, not the rule." I don't suppose Jane Brandon meant that they worked constantly for four years at their carpet. Before I was married, mother and us girls made nine rag carpets, and there were none of them made in a minute. It is hard, dirty work, and a family of poor people are apt to patch and darn their clothing until there is hardly a paper rag left, much less a carpet rag—at least, that has been my experience. I have been three years trying to get rags enough together to make just fifteen yards of carpet. All are not able to buy new cloth of which to make carpets. And I think, with Jane, when a woman can do some lighter, easier work and buy a carpet, it is better to do so. There is a great difference between having every convenience for doing work and suffering from the many inconveniences that common farmers' wives and daughters usually do. The ladies who are so "smart" about their work remind me of the woman who used to get up and make all the beds in the house while the rest of the family were fast asleep; that being all the real smart thing she ever did, she considered it worth talking about.

Lime in the Orchard.

Where apple orchards are kept permanently in grass, a top dressing of lime, of eighty bushels to the acre, every five years, will prove beneficial. As to whitewashing the trunks of trees, we give the preparation for that purpose prescribed by W. Saunders, of the Government Gardens at Washington. This wash is made as follows: Put half a bushel of lime and four pounds of powdered sulphur in a tight barrel, slacking the lime with hot water, the top of the barrel being covered with a cloth; this reduced to the consistency of ordinary whitewash, and at the time of application half an ounce of carbolic acid is added to every gallon of the liquid. Saunders says: "I generally apply in the spring before the leaves make their appearance, but I am convinced that it would be more effective if applied later; but then it is difficult to do so when the tree is in foliage. Saunders applies the wash not only to the stem of the tree but to some extent to the main branches.

Patent Rights.

It is astonishing how many farmers buy "patent rights," with the idea that they can make thousands and thousands of dollars. The way it comes about is thus: One man in a county will have realized considerable from patent rights, and that will be sufficient to induce others to attempt the same thing. Then it is only necessary for some stranger with an oily tongue and trifling invention to come along, and they are ready to take the bait, some even borrowing money and mortgaging the farms, sure of winning it all back. That farmers, having common sense, and knowing by hard experience how dollars are won, should be deluded in this way is a great mystery, and it is to be confessed that they are only half made.

There are fifteen men in Peoria worth a trifle less than $1,000,000, says the editor of the *Review*, and adds that modesty forbids him to say, "We are one of them."

A Colorado Farm.

Meadow Springs—A Wise Farmer—Advice to Young Settlers.

After a drive of four miles, says a correspondent, writing from Greeley, Colorado, we came into a beautiful valley, two miles wide and several miles long. The ground has a gentle slope to the south-east, and on all sides are bluffs and craggy precipices of no great height, but sufficient to break the wind. A field of about 600 acres has been inclosed by a durable fence, and on the southern side is a large dwelling, and beyond a large barn connected with sheds, and yards as extensive and as well designed as can be found in any of the States. All this is known as Meadow Springs Farm, owned by a Mr. Maynard, whom came hither a little over three years ago that he might raise sheep and cattle. He has at present about 1,200 head of cattle and 1,000 sheep, and the sum total of his investment has been $50,000. The house is large and elegantly furnished, and books and pictures abound. The best breeds of chickens and ducks are kept in large numbers in appropriate quarters, and shepherd, terrier and hunting dogs are many. It the stables are 18 horses, in the yards several hundred merino ewes, equal to the best Vermont sheep, while the main flocks are out on the range in the care of shepherds. In other places are to be seen young Durham cattle of high strain, as attested by a hand-book Mr. Maynard has had printed. Large ricks of hay, amounting to more than 500 tons, were near by, but thus far it has scarcely been touched. This hay is as green as the hay ever appears when first cut in Eastern meadows, for no rain has ever fallen on it. From ten to fifteen men are constantly employed. About fifteen acres of land were plowed last year, and potatoes, peas, and some other crops planted, but not much. The soil is exceedingly rich, and the yield of crops was heavy, although no rain fell, nor was water applied by irrigation.

Choice animals are fed with grain and corn meal, which is brought by the car-load from Kansas or Nebraska. In a central part of the stable is a well 24 feet deep, and water can be obtained anywhere in the valley at this depth. In the center of the valley and along a line of more than a mile are as many as a hundred springs, from six inches to six feet across, bubbling up through sand and rising to a level with the general surface. They never freeze, for the temperature of the water, the year round, is 49 degrees. No fish are found, but trout are to be brought hither from the mountain rivers, and of course they will do well. The water from these springs forms a fine stream, but about a mile and a half below the house it sinks and disappears. Fourteen miles distant the Foot Hills begin, and here pitch-pine is obtained in any desired quantity for fuel. Coal has been found two miles distant, and used for fuel. Stone is abundant in the crags. Wild ducks and geese frequent the water in the meadows. Antelopes are of course abundant, but generally when meat is wanted a fat steer is butchered.

One might think there would be but few visitors to a place so remote, and yet people call almost every day, for they have several neighbors. One lives seven, one eight, and one fourteen miles distant, most being men without families and living in rude huts engaged in the care of small herds which they hope will grow. Then men come from different parts of the territory to see the fine cattle and sheep, and often to purchase. Mr. Maynard has demonstrated that a cross of pure Durham on the Texas stock makes the best grade for the country, for the quality of taking on flesh is united with hardiness, and the progeny betrays scarcely a trace of the Texan. The American merino, brought from the best stocks of Vermont and Illinois, decidedly improves on the grass of the plains, and the dark greasy wool disappears while the fineness remains. After a flock has been brought to a high standard, scab and foot-rot are unknown.

The average yield of Mr. Maynard's sheep is about eight pounds per head, probably higher than in any other part of the country. Mexican sheep yield only about three pounds per head, and the wool is worth only about half as much as that of the Merinos. Sales of wool, sheep, and cattle are usually made on the farm, in which case there are no such things as commission, freights, shrinkage, and stealage. Nearly 1,000 sheep were sold on this place last year at about $3.50 a head, which with the wool, made a total of about $8 each. On the whole, sheep are considered more profitable than any other stock, although it is stated by stock men that the increase of cattle is as much as 90 per cent. per annum; and Mr. Maynard says he can raise a fine three-year-old steer fit for the butcher at three-fourths of a cent a pound, live weight. I saw as fine Durham stock, in full flesh, as plump and in as good heart as ever started from the blue grass fields of Kentucky for New-York, that have been on the range all winter and have not had an ounce of hay; and they were as gentle as lambs.

I might have asked Mr. Maynard how much money he makes, but I did not. Still he did say that there is room on his range for 100,000 sheep, and for thousands of cattle, though rather further away. But O, young man, do not for a moment think that the care of cattle and sheep is a holiday matter, and that money is to be made hand over fist by turning a flock of sheep out on the plains to increase and grow fat. Listen to Mr. Maynard's story, and it is as true of others, as the words of Burns, that man was made to mourn. When Mr. Maynard, had found this happy valley, he went to Iowa and bought 2,000 sheep. Not being much of a sheep man, he supposed that one sheep was as good as another. Starting early enough in the summer, he expected to drive through by October; but there were great delays in crossing the unbridged streams of Nebraska, and it was late in the fall before he arrived. Of course the sheep had become weak and poor. To put the in good heart he sent for corn-meal by the car-load, and he fed out 70,000 pounds, which he now thinks was of no use whatever. In December the sheep began to die; he nursed and fed and doctored, but all was in vain, and before spring he piled up 1,000 dead sheep. So discouraged did he become that he saved only a part of the pelts. Still he had come to Colorado to raise sheep, and he was going to do it. He sent for all the books on sheep husbandry that could be obtained; he studied hard and long, and he dissected sheep with the energy and enthusiam of a medical student. The result was he came to know something about sheep. Now, when he buys sheep he takes his choice; when he sells, he takes his choice.

Exhalation of Moisture by Plants.

Dr. Deitrich, the superintendent of the experimental station near Cassel, communicates the following results of experiments to determine the amount of moisture exhaled by plants: First, for the same species of plant the amount of vegetable matter produced is in direct proportion to the amount of water exhaled; third, the amount of moisture exhaled varies with the different species of plants. According to the amounts exhaled, the experiment establishes the following order; buckwheat, clover; then lupines, beans, and oats equal; summer rye and wheat equal; and last, barley.

Pomades from Human Fat.

The question is now often suggested, what will we do with our dead, and the advocates of incremation are increasing. We doubt, however, if any of our readers are economical and matter-of-fact enough, to be pleased with the method pursued by some grave-diggers in Palermo. These practical men, it seems, were in the habit of cutting up plump, fleshy corpses, boiling them, and using the greese, thus obtained, for making salves and pomades. It is needless to say that as soon as a knowledge of this trade reached the authorities, the business was interrupted by some arrests.

In the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, a resolution was adopted, by a vote of 66 to 44, fixing the pay of members at $2,500 each, with mileage.

The Modoc War.

Surrender of the Warriors to the United States Troops.

The two Modoc women, Artena Chokus and Dixie, in company with Mr. Fairchild and a party for protection, returned to the Hot Creek warriors and held a pow-wow. The conferences ended in the savages returning with them to Gen. Davis' head-quarters and surrendering unconditionally. They number sixteen warriors and thirty-nine squaws and papooses, in all fifty-five.

Among the warriors were some of Jack's most noted fighters, including Bogus Charley, Curley-headed Doctor, Shack Nasty Jim, Shack Nasty Frank, and others. When they were brought to headquarters, each warrior laid down his breech-loader and ammunition in front of the commanding officer, and as he did so, the hard, savage face betrayed, through the habitual Indian stoicism, the depth of demoralization to which they had been brought. They could hardly keep from weeping.

Boston Charley, it has been ascertained from the captives, was killed.

Shack Nasty Frank, Shack Nasty Jake, Shack Nasty Bill, Steamboat Frank, Ellen's Man, Hooker Jim's father, Boston Nick, and several other Modocs have been killed, and many wounded during the fights.

The account of the cause of the disaffection among the Modocs after the late battle is interesting. Jack consulted a stolen chronometer, and, after sundry gestures and exclamations, promised his followers that they would shed rifle-bullets as a duck does water and escape unharmed. The confidence this statement inspired was rapidly dispelled by Capt. Hasbrouck's encounter, when several Modocs were killed and others wounded. Indignation reigned supreme in Jack's stronghold.

The Cottonwood branch of the tribe from Fairchild's decided they would fight no more. This resolution led to Jack's clandestine departure. The Cottonwoods, numbering twenty warriors and fifty women and children, hurried to the Snow Mountains, at the southern end of the lava deposit, preparatory to traveling to the Yainox Reservation, and imploring pardon from the Great Father at Washington.

"Here they come," was the cry that startled the camp, and brought every person, citizen and soldier, old and young, to his feet, hurrying forward to the crest of the hill west of the camp. I secured an excellent view of the scene, beyond the procession that were slowly creeping along in this direction. First came Mr. Blair, the manager of Fairchild's ranche, mounted; fifty yards behind him was Mr. Fairchild, and further still, twelve Modoc bucks, with their squaws and papooses. Never did a procession move so slowly. The few ponies ridden by the Modocs were gaunt and weak, and seemed scarcely able to bear the women and children who were literally piled upon them. Among the bucks were Bogus Charley, Steamboat Frank, Curly-headed Doctor, and others of lesser note. They were dressed in motley garbs, nearly all of them wearing a portion of the regular uniform of the United States Army, and every buck carried a Springfield rifle. The women were dressed in clothes that had evidently been used by the fair sex within the confines of civilization. All of them entered camp at a funeral pace.

The noise and bustle among the soldiers were hushed; few words were spoken. The Modocs said nothing. No one approached them until Gen. Davis came forward. He met the procession fifty paces from the house, and was formally introduced to Bogus Charley. Charles is a slender, athletic, intelligent warrior, of about twenty years of age. The man thoroughly understands and speaks English. The scamp smiled sweetly on the General, and shook his hand, and then all the leading warriors came forward and greeted him cordially. Then every buck laid his gun beside him and awaited orders. Gen. Davis said, "Give up your pistols and all your other arms." Each buck said he had no arms. "Then," said the General, "I shall give you a camp where you can remain to-night, and if you try to run or escape you will be shot dead." The order was explained and all obedience promised. The procession then moved across Cottonwood Creek to a clump of trees. At this point the trailings of the crowd came in. There were half-naked children, aged squaws who could scarcely hobble, blind, lame, halt, bony, and the scum of the tribe. There were sixty-three persons, men, women, and children, twelve bucks, twenty squaws, and their children.

An Unjust Sentence.

If it were possible to count the number of men and women who have been sacrificed to the force of mere circumstantial evidence, the result would scarcely be satisfactory to the enforcers of the law. In illustration of this, an interesting incident appears in a French paper. Thirty years ago two French peasants were attacked as they were returning from a village fair, one of them being murdered outright, while his companion was able to make his escape badly wounded. No trace of the assassins could be discovered for some time, but about a year after, two men, named Lionnet and Dussud, were arrested on suspicion. The survivor, who at first said he should be unable to identify his assailants, was induced to swear that these were the men; and though two persons of respectability declared that Dussud had passed the evening upon which the crime was committed, at a house many miles distant, the court condemned him to fifteen years' penal servitude, and his alleged companion to hard labor for life. The husband and wife who had come forward to prove an alibi in favor of Dussud were, moreover sentenced to seven years at the galleys for perjury. They served their time and have since died, as also has Lionnet. Dussud, the sole survivor, who always asserted that he was innocent, has long since come back to his native village, and, despite the stigma attaching to a returned convict, has been slowly regaining the good-will of his neighbors.

A short time ago an old man named Rambin, who was lying ill in a hospital at St. Symphorien, sent for him, stating that he had some important communication to make, and in presence of the priest and a commissary of police, he confessed that he was the murderer, whence it followed that Dussud and Lionnet had been unjustly punished. But for the favorable antecedents of the accused, they would have undergone the extreme penalty of the law; and even as it was, they not only suffered very severely, but were the innocent cause of ruin to the witnesses who came forward to testity to the truth in their behalf.

A LOCAL WAR.—The war against liquor sellers which has just commenced in Massachusetts is at its height in New Hampshire. The gentlemen who dispense stimulants there are rather unscrupulous in their line of defense. They girdle the trees of prominent temperance men; paint their doors black; and in Plymouth they ruined $900 worth of marble monuments belonging to a temperance tradesman by smearing them with black paint. A pleasant state of things, according to a local newspaper, exists where "crimination and recrimination, reports false and true, Christian and unchristian, have been batted from one to the other, without much respect for age or sex, or previous reputation or condition."

WHAT HE USED IT FOR.—During the visit of the late Mr. Seward to China, while in Pekin, he visited the residence of a wealthy native who was withal a mandarin and an intelligent man, somewhat scientific in his tastes and well acquainted with the modern appliances for household purposes. Among other objects contained in this Chinaman's residence was a Yankee cast iron pump. To Mr. Seward's inquiry as to the use he made of the pump, Yang Fang replied: "It is set up to extinguish accidental fire, and I put the women under it when they quarrel." He had five wives.

"Thirty solid miles of logs" is reported in An Gres River, Mich.

The Mexican Difficulty.

A Raid upon Mexican Territory and an Attack upon Indians—A Number Killed and Many Captured.

A letter received by a gentleman in San Antonio, and dated Brackettsville, Kinsey county, Texas, May 20, 1873, says:—

As I informed you when here in Brackettsville, from every indication I was forced to believe that this county was the passing ground for the numerous depredating bands of savage Indians known as the Lipans and Kickapoos in their bloody incursions on the inhabitants of the lower and more eastern counties. From recent developments it would seem that in this conclusion I was perfectly correct, for early last month, the stock men report, they not only discovered the numerous divergent trails of the savages leading from points on Devil's River, the northern boundary of this county, to several crossings on the Nueces River, its eastern boundary, but in several instances bands have been seen numbering fifty or sixty warriors dividing themselves in every direction to have a wider and richer field for their depredations. In consequence of these reports and for other causes Gen. McKenzie, commanding the garrison at Fort Clark, promptly started a company of cavalry over the various creeks and Indian crossways throughout the country, and thoroughly scoured every portion of the surrounding country where the Indians might possibly conceal themselves; but, notwithstanding this vigilance on the part of Gen. McKenzie and the troops under his command, a band of fifty warriors succeeded in evading the troops, crossed the Nueces River, and, as usual, divided themselves into small raiding parties, the better to enable them to evade pursuit and prey upon the stock and other property of the people of the lower counties, whose ranches are, to a great extent, devoid of protection. Under these exasperating events and circumstances of even a more aggravated character, as well as the great pressure of the popular feeling and excitement, Gen. McKenzie was influenced to resolve at any risk, cost, or consequence, to break up this nest of savages by attacking them on their own camping ground near the Santa Rosa Mountains, in Mexico, and there, if not totally destroy them, at least to so cripple them as to render them unable for some time to carry on their murderous forays and cruel expeditions upon the frontier inhabitants of Texas.

Accordingly, on the morning of Saturday last, the 17th instant, all the available cavalry force of the garrison was ordered to be equipped and in readiness at a moment's notice for important duty on the Rio Grande.

Couriers were dispatched from headquarters to the several companies stationed in the various creeks and crossings with similar orders, which were strictly complied with, and all the available force of the Fourth cavalry, numbering some six hundred men, assembled at the call of their commander and proceeded under the guidance of the half-breed scout, Van Green, of Maveric county, and other guides, crossed the Rio Grande, and, by a forced march of eighty miles into the interior of Mexico reached the camp of the Kickapoos at early dawn, having been forty-eight hours in the saddle and twenty-four hours without food or water, being compelled on the march to throw away and dispense with every utensil, accoutrement or requisite whatever that could in any manner retard the speed of their march.

The charge was made at dawn. The Indians, who were unprepared for the attack, made but slight resistance, the greater portion of them attempting to flee to the neighboring mountains for shelter.

In the encounter nineteen warriors were killed and about an equal number wounded. Forty squaws have been captured, and some one hundred horses and other property stolen by the Indians have been recovered.

The troops lost three men—one killed and the others mortally wounded.

Couriers arrived at the post last night with orders for 2,000 rations, the food of the troops having been thrown away in order to expedite the march. The couriers report that General McKenzie and his command have safely recrossed the Rio Grande with the captives and recovered property, camping last night at Van Green's, the guide's ranch.

Since the affair I have learned that intense excitement prevails on the other side, and it is said the Mexican frontier authorities are excited to the highest degree, and have assumed a very hostile attitude towards us. Reports of this kind were even in circulation here some weeks since.

Mexican Peasantry.

One day's life off this land of the cactus, says a correspondent writing from Mexico, was painfully similar to another, save that exception may be made in favor of a gallop of sixty miles inland to the city of Colima, a place of some 50,000 inhabitants, that toasts itself at the foot of the smoke-capped volcano of the same name. Whether a better type of persons are sometimes found on this route of travel, I know not, but in a course of wanderings that has unavoidably brought me in contact with the lower grades of many races, I have never met in three consecutive days so many cut-throat looking countenances as those who seemed to regard us with an eye to business, on the story highway that crooks over the mountains to their town. Shaded from the ardent rays of the sun by heavy felt hats, that often are not less than three feet in diameter, their jackets and slashed trousers jingling with the numberless metalic buttons with which they delight to adorn themselves, and gaudy blanket thrown over the shoulder, the inseparable machete, or long knife, belted to their side, and a revolver (when it can be afforded) stuck in the crimson sash that is twisted round the waist, their general appearance is picturesque in the extreme and agreeable to look upon, could you cease to remember the little weaknesses to which they are subject when finding themselves numerically superior in the vicinity of a well-filled purse. The hot winds of the coast had browned our complexions to a hue almost as swarthy as their own; Sol had robbed our habiliments of all definite color; and the dust had removed every trace of cleanliness from our persons. We bestrode mules, so wretched that they seemed ashamed of their own appearance, and our *tout ensemble* must have been so disreputable that, combined with our numbers, the swarthy "toll gatherers" evidently judged us birds of too poor a feather to pay for picking, though in a land where it is customary to permit a journeyer to return home clothed in no more fashionable a garment than that provided by nature, their consideration was doubly commendable.

The Henpecked Man.

The henpecked man iz most generally married; but there are instances on the record of single men being harassed by the pullets.

You can alwus tell one ov these kind ov men, especshily if they are in the company of their wives. They look as resighned tew their fate as a hen turkey in a wet day.

There aint nothing that will take the starch out ov a man like being pecked by a woman. It is wus than a seven months' of the fever and agy.

The wives of henpecked husbands most alwus outliv thair victims, and I hav known them to get married again; and git hold ov a man that time (thank the Lord!) who understands all the henpeck dodges.

The henpecked man, when he gits out amungst men, puts on an air ov bravery and defiance, and once in a while git a leetle drunk, and then go home with a firm resolve that he will be captain ov his household; but the old woman soon takes the glory out of him, and handles him just as she would a half grown chicken, who had fell into a swill barrel, and had to be jerked out awful quick.—*Josh Billings.*

The women of Philadelphia are to take $3,000,000 worth of stock in the Centennial Exposition.

A Frightful Tornado.

Houses, Barns, Cattle, and Human Beings Whirled into the Air—Many Lives Lost.

A terrible tornado or whirlwind, accompanied by hail and rain, passed over Iowa. Its path was about half a mile in width, and it tore into fragments everything in its course. Houses, barns, fences, trees, cattle, and human beings were caught up and whirled through the air like mere toys, and then dashed to the ground with such violence as to produce instant destruction. Houses and barns were torn into fragments and scattered in all directions, and for miles around the fields are dotted with large timbers driven into the ground at an angle of 90 deg. The cattle were actually driven head formost into the ground. One can scarcely conceive the desolation, or realize the force of the tornado.

School was in session at a school-house six miles north of Washington, and the tornado tore the building to pieces, and carried the fourteen-year old daughter of Henry Rothmel about a quarter of a mile from the school. When found she was crushed to a jelly. Miss Smith, the teacher, and six or eight scholars, were injured, some of them severely. The wife of Henry Walters was killed, and at least a dozen persons in the neighborhood were killed or seriously injured.

The lives of many persons were saved by their hastily getting into the cellars of their houses. Sad havoc was made with all kinds of stock. From the description of an eye witness it seems almost a miracle that anything in the track escaped alive. He says he could see large pieces of timber hurled from the cloud as though shot from a cannon. Hail-stones fell that measured nine inches in diameter. Some were brought to Washington, and four hours after they were picked up they were still as large as hens' eggs. The roaring of the tornado was fearful, and could have been easily heard ten miles. A telegram from Keota says that five persons were killed about three miles from that place. One child was torn to pieces.

A later dispatch from Washington says:—Additional particulars of the tornado make the damage a great deal more than heretofore reported. Six more persons have died since the last dispatch was sent, making eight in all. An enormous amount of property has been destroyed. It is impossible to describe the scene after the storm had passed. It resembled a long tract of country that had been suddenly overflooded and everything carried away, and as if the water had suddenly fallen and left everything in complete ruin. The force of the storm was such that nothing resisted. Heavy objects were carried over a quarter of a mile, and thrown to the ground with such violence as to half imbed them in the earth. Wagons and farm implements of all kinds were strewn all over. Even spokes were broken out of the wagon-wheels. A hog was found pierced through and pinned to the ground by a spike of timber 2 by 4 inches.

The same tornado visited other sections of the West, and the loss of life and property resulting from it are terrible.

Rain-Fall in the United States.

The extensive work on the rain-fall in the United States, lately published by the Smithsonian Institution, will be invaluable to engineers and others to whom are referred the great questions of improving the navigation of the rivers of this country. By means of such ables as are given in this volume a few minutes' computation enables one to determine the area of country that must be drained in order to secure a water supply sufficient for any specified purpose. The engineers of Europe have long been sensible of the great practical value of works of this nature, and we have before us a chart of the rain-fall of Switzerland, showing, by carefully drawn isohyetals, the minutest detail of the annual precipitation (including the melted snow of winter). The construction of this chart, which is probably preliminary to a far more elaborate exhibit, is based on the returns during the six years 1864--1869, from the ninety-seven stations of the Switzerland hydrometric commission of the "Naturforschenden" Society. A comparison of the data for some of the Swiss lakes with those for the great lakes of America may prove of interest. Thus we have the annual rain-fall for Lake Geneva, 39.4 inches; for Lake Neuchatel, 37.4; for Lake Zurich, 46.2; for the Boden-See, 43.3 inches. On the other hand, we find from the Smithsonian charts, for Lake Ontario, 32; for Lake Erie, 38; for Lake Huron, 30; Lake Michigan, 30; Lake Superior, 28 inches; and for Salt Lake, Utah, 20 inches.

The ratio of rain-fall to evaporation, and the resulting volume of water flowing into the rivers, are among the most interesting of the questions that come before hydraulic engineers. Mr. Benteli, the author of the Switzerland rain chart, has studied the subject, and finds that in the area drained by the Aar only eighteen per cent. of the rain-fall is lost by evaporation, the remainder flows into the river past the city of Aaran.

The neighborhood of the Grimsel, and of Mount St. Bernard, is the region of the heaviest rain and snow fall in all Europe, the annual fall being measured as 98.4 inches. The Smithsonian rain charts give 80 inches for the extreme northwest coast of Washington Territory, and 60 inches for Southern Florida, as the points of heaviest rain-fall within the United States.

Killed by a Stone.

Edward Kerrigan was tried in the Oyer and Terminer Court, New York, on an indictment for murder in the first degree, and narrowly escaped a conviction for the full offence, receiving a sentence to State Prison for life, having been found guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. The case is a singular one.

In the evening of the 17th of August last, Martin Fritz, then keeper of a beer saloon in Fifty-second street, discovered some unknown persons throwing stones at his house. He started for an officer, and the stone throwing ceased for a time. Learning this from a messenger, he did not return promptly. Little Maggie Fritz, the four-year-old pet of the Fritz household, became anxious about her papa. It was her hour for going to bed, and her mother asked her to do so. But she said, "I cannot go to bed until papa comes back. I must kiss him good night." To please the child Mrs. Fritz took her to the front door, and held her in her arms a few minutes, watching for the absent husband and father. Suddenly Mrs. Fritz felt a shock, and the child uttered a scream. It had been struck on the left side of the head by a stone as large as a man's hand, and its skull was smashed as though it had been an egg-shell. Witnesses testified that Kerrigan threw the stones from the roof of the house opposite that of Fritz.

HOW PEOPLE GET SICK.—Eating too much and too fast, and swallowing imperfectly masticated food. By taking too much fluid during meals. Drinking poisonous whisky and other intoxicating drinks. Keeping late hours at night and sleeping too late in the morning. Wearing clothing too tight so as to relax the circulation. Wearing thin shoes. Neglecting to take sufficient exercise to keep the hands and feet warm. Neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores of the skin open. Exchanging the warm clothing worn in a warm room during the day for light costumes and exposure incident to evening parties. Starving the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress. Keeping up a constant excitement, fretting the mind with borrowed troubles. Employing cheap doctors and swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill. Taking meals at irregular intervals.

Since the U. S. National Mint was established, about twelve hundred million dollars have been coined. Up to the close of the year 1870 the number of pieces of money issued exceeded 1,218,087,000! In the cabinet of coin at Philadelphia there are 5,211 specimens of coin, with very few duplicates. These are collected from various nations.

Why Capt. Hall Turned Back.

Within Four Days' Sail of the Open Polar Sea and the Polaris is Put About.

Captain Hall, says one of the rescued Polaris officers, was devoted to his work, and all his efforts were strenuously exerted towards the North Pole, or such a high latitude as would determine the possibility of arriving at that long cherished object of his ambition. The winter of 1871 was favorable to his purpose, and he had reached, as already stated, the highest known latitude, where the difficulties which obstructed his progress did not materially increase. They had passed what Kane supposed to be the Polar Sea, which now proved to be a sound. Beyond this they penetrated into Robeson's Channel and were there on the last day of August, 1871. The admissions of some, and the statements of all, prove that had they continued here and pressed on they might at that time have penetrated into the sea beyond. Some idea of their locality may be given by the fact that from the observatory erected in Polaris Bay, in latitude 81 degrees 38 minutes, Cape Leber bore west 5 degrees south, distant about forty-five miles, while their present latitude was 82 degrees 16 minutes. But a few miles from here was a body of clear water, stretching as far as the eye could reach—it is estimated about eighty or ninety miles. Many important circumstances unmistakably indicated the existence of an unfrozen ocean beyond the channel.

Mild weather, with fogs and mists brought down by northerly winds, could come from no other source. Land was visible to the north and west of this body of water a great distance. Now was the moment to embrace the present favorable opportunity, which was liable to be defeated by the slightest sudden change, and, by a prompt continuation of their hitherto successful adventure, achieve the glorious goal for which they had hazarded so much.

But here, on the eve of an easy victory, arose that fatal difference of opinion, which blasted all the heroic explorer's prospects and rendered fruitless that mighty energy and labor which had already led him such a distance over the barren and inhospitable regions of the unknown north. The sailing master, Buddington, had several times expressed his anxiety to go no further, and strongly urged the necessity of retreating to winter at Port Hope, in latitude 78 degrees 20 minutes nearly two hundred and forty miles south of their present highly advantageous position. Hall was determined to proceed, if possible, and would not consent to this latter proposition. Buddington, however, persisted, grossly misrepresented the difficulties and dangers of pressing further north or even remaining where they were. Buddington, being the navigator, was the judge of these expediencies, and Hall believing what Buddington had reported, at length consented to yield, and the ship returned and put up at Polaris Bay for the winter. The rescued crew say they never could see any good reason for adopting this course; there was no necessity, and, although the intelligent portion of them admit that there was the usual amount of peril to be anticipated from venturing further, such as is incident at all times to an expedition of the kind, yet, they say, that it was their duty to pursue the object for which it was instituted unmindful of the danger, which was in fact not greater than previously. Before they retreated Hall called a council, consisting of himself, Captain Tyson, Chester (the mate) and Buddington, to consider which course was most advisable. At this council Captain Tyson strongly advocated Captain Hall's views, and urged the impropriety of desisting.

The brave and the right cause was overruled, to which circumstance it is possible that Captain Hall owed his death. If the vessel had continued on its course, as Captain Hall desired and urged, the expedition would in all probability have been crowned with success, and the dreams of geographers and explorers been realized; but an unaccountable timidity, the off-spring of a craven cowardice or other improper motive, annihilated the hopes of Captain Hall. Buddington, from the position which he occupied, was master of the situation; he said "Thus far have you gone—and you shall go no further," and he was obeyed, reluctantly of course, as a matter of necessity. It is impossible to analyze the motive which prompted Buddington. From his knowledge of the Arctic regions he must have known that it was as dangerous to turn back as to proceed, and that, if the vessel was to be frozen in, she might as well be frozen in at one place as another. The fact that Captain Tyson supported the views of Captain Hall furnishes additional confirmation that the latter was right and Buddington was wrong. Great expeditions have often failed through the ignorance, incompetence or obstinacy of subordinates, and it was so in this particular instance. The blame, if there is blame attending the failure of the expedition, will cleave to Buddington, unless he can, if still living, satisfactorily explain what now seems to be his unaccountable conduct. It is not too much to say that his action blasted all the hopes of his superior.

Sad Fate of a Missing Boy.

Tamaroa, Ill., has been shocked. The incident which has so disturbed Tamaroa is a singular one. About five weeks since William Farmer, a lad of fifteen years, had a slight misunderstanding with his mother, who is a widow. He wanted a new pair of shoes, and his mother did not get them, either through forgetfulness or lack of means.

The boy said pettishly that he would match her for not getting the shoes. He disappeared that day. His mother supposed he had run away for the purpose of carrying out his purpose of matching her, and gave herself little concern about him, thinking he would return when he got over his pet. In fact, she had information which led her to suppose that her son was engaged at work on the St. Louis and Cairo Narrow Gauge Railroad.

She was, therefore, in good spirits over the absence of her boy, until the unexpected shock which she received a day or two since. Mr. R. H. Nicholson and one of his hired men commenced moving some lumber which had been piled near the town, but had fallen down, and were almost driven from their work by a stench that proceeded from it. Displacing a heavy mass of oak lumber, containing about six hundred feet measurement, they found under it a crushed human body, which proved to be that of the missing boy.

At the coroner's examination which followed, a little girl, Mollie Nevilles, stated that she saw William Farmer on the evening of his disappearance about sunset, standing on the lumber pile beneath which he was found dead. The girl testified that after her first sight of him she turned around to go into the house, heard the lumber fall with a crash, and afterward heard moanings in that direction.

She then went into the house and informed her aunt, Mrs. Gamble. Mrs. Gamble soon after started out to make an examination, when some of the other children called her attention away, and she forgot all about the incident, until her memory was refreshed by the discovery of the body. The body was so much crushed, it is said, that the boy could not have lived if he had been released from the dead-fall immediately.

The verdict of the jury was that the deceased came to his death by accident. All the circumstances, however, give rise to the suspicion that the boy might have intended to hurt if not kill himself, to be a match for his mother.

Local Option in New York.

Gov. Dix, of New York, vetoed the Local Option Prohibition bill passed by the Legislature. The ground of his objections is the including of malt liquors in the list of beverages which may or may not be sold. He thinks that no municipality should have the privilege of voting on the question of licensing whiskey-shops, because the bill, as passed by the Legislature, shuts up the voter to but one choice on all liquors, including ale and beer. The Assembly refused to pass the bill over the Governor's veto.

Soldiers' Homesteads.

The *old* law allowed soldiers who had been in service ninety days, a homestead of 160 acres *within railroad limits*, where other persons could get only 80 acres.

The *new* law of April, 1872, gives homesteads to soldiers and their unmarried widows, or minor orphans, *sooner* than others can get them.

It deducts from the five years' residence required for perfect title of other homesteaders, all the time, up to four years, that a soldier, or sailor, has been in the United States service.

If a soldier was discharged by reason of wounds or disability, or died in the service—his whole term of enlistment is deducted.

In the case of soldiers now enlisted, service is constructive residence. Actual residence must follow within six months after the date of entry.

If a soldier's homestead, already taken, is less than 160 acres, he may enter enough more to make up that quantity, if any public land remains contiguous to the tract embraced by his first entry.

A claim may be filed by an agent invested with a power of attorney, as well as in person, and then improved by the soldier at any time within six months.

A chap given to statistics estimated that over two thousand toes were frozen during the last winter by young ladies keeping their beaux lingering at the gate, instead of asking them into the parlor.

COLDS AND COUGHS.—Sudden changes of